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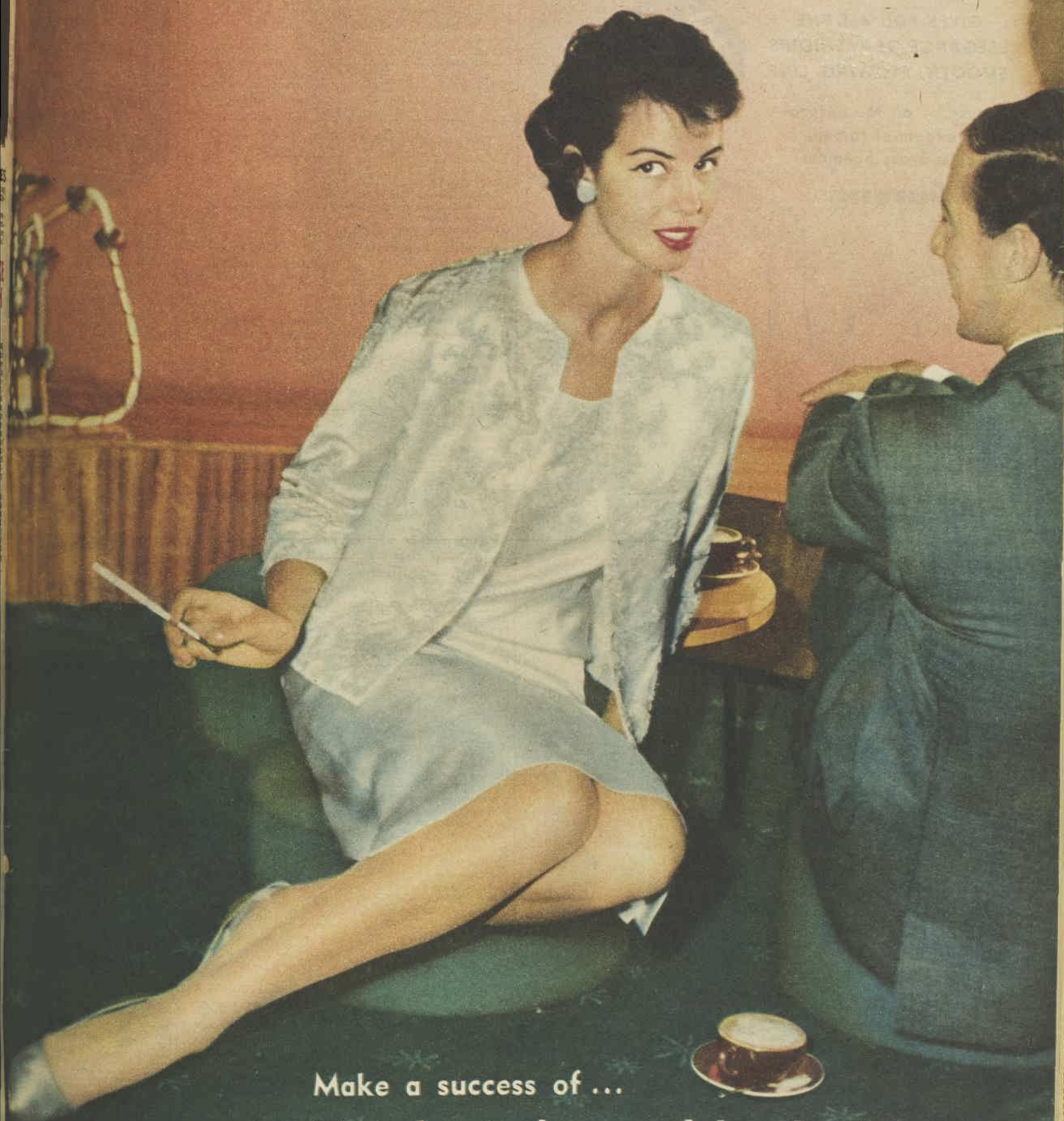
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

May 28, 1958

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## The Long-Legged Look

SEE PAGES 8-9



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 28, 1958

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### Our cover

• She is known as the girl with the longest legs in Sydney—19-year-old Kathy Murrell—so she was a natural choice to illustrate the new long-legged look. She is wearing Patou's white satin sack and jacket from Germaine Rocher's salon (the skirt is 18 inches from the ground), and was photographed in a Double Bay coffee lounge with young interior decorator Leslie Walford. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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### The Weekly Round

• Our picture of Rex Harrison on page 11 reminds us that "My Fair Lady," in which, as Professor Higgins, he's now starring in London, has had its influence on men's as well as women's fashions.

THE women's fashions inspired by the Beaton dressing for the show are in the fragile, feminine manner. The men's are less glamorous.

Eve Perick, writing in the London "Daily Mail," says that the Rex Harrison look (as shown by his Professor Higgins dressing) will put the Teddy Boy out of date.

For the street the look includes a double-breasted, patch-pocketed overcoat, side-whiskers, and a trilby hat of soft tweed.

But it's the Professor's favorite indoor garment that will have the most widespread influence. Called a "Cheltenham jacket," it is none other than that old friend the grey button-up cardigan.

Which reminds us we once knew a man who insisted on wearing a grey cardigan under his dinner-jacket, to the great distress of his wife and daughters.

CASTILLO, the Spanish designer at the Paris dress house of Lanvin, has a collection of silver fish. (No, not silverfish.) These are flexible fish made of silver, with ruby and sapphire eyes. We hear this from Betty Keep, our fashion editor, who is on holiday abroad. She met Castillo and describes his flat, which sounds startling rather than homely. The bedroom has red velvet walls and there is a bright blue satin brocade bed which formerly belonged to a Polish countess. Also noted in the flat: a Spanish madonna, about 2ft. 6in. high, dressed in white satin and gold-embroidered blue velvet. Some of Mrs. Keep's comments on the Paris fashion scene appear this week on page 30. While she is away her "Dress Sense" column will be published as usual and from time to time she will send fashion news from abroad.

### NEXT WEEK

• Choose a sweater to knit from our four-page feature. There are five wonderful designs, ranging from a ski-pullover and hood to a glamor evening sweater.

INSTEAD of publishing one of our Australian Year pictures this week we have given over the centre spread of the paper to a panorama of the Blue Mountains showing the new Katoomba Skyway. We think you'll agree with us that it is a magnificent picture.



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# PRINCESS HAS FUN IN BERMUDA

By **ROBERT FELDMAN**,  
of our New York staff

● Like some other ex-royal exiles, Princess Soraya of Iran seems destined to wander the world aimlessly with painful memories — and a bottomless bank account.

**I**N the few weeks since the Shah divorced her for inability to bear an heir, Soraya has wooed forgetfulness in Italy, New York, and Bermuda.

She liked the island's informality so much that she extended her scheduled 10-day stay by a week.

The former Queen lived on the palm-fringed island in a cottage at the Newstead guesthouse, near the elegant resort town of Paget, with her mother, Eva Esfandiary, and 20-year-old brother Bajim.

The morning after her arrival she tried sailing for the first time and went out again two days later.

Wearing a well-fitting one-piece swimming costume and heedless of windblown hair and flying spray, she flung herself into her favorite sport — water skiing. She also swam, sunbathed, and went fishing.

Soraya's return to New York caused considerably less stir than her first arrival there less than three weeks earlier. The Shah is due to visit America next month, but by then Soraya will probably be back in Europe for the summer social season.

**RIGHT:** Soraya in the lovely grounds of Newstead, near the Bermudan resort town of Paget, where the Princess seemed to put off all sadness over the tragedy of her divorce from the Shah of Iran.



**THE PRINCESS** with her mother, Eva Esfandiary, who has been her constant companion in her search for a new life and happiness. In Bermuda they shared a secluded cottage, but Soraya made many excursions alone to cocktail parties and yachting, swimming, and fishing trips.



**ESCORTING** Soraya from the Queen of Bermuda on her arrival at the island is Captain Leslie F. Banyard, who collapsed and died of a heart attack a few hours later. Pictures by the Bermuda News Bureau.



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Yes... it's marvellous what a difference Milo makes. Milo is a delicious chocolate-flavoured blend of pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with health-giving vitamins. If you drink Milo during the day and last thing at night, you'll feel better, sleep better and wake each morning marvellously fresh and fit. Milo helps to soothe the nerves, banish tiredness, restore energy.



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How you feel today  
depends on how you slept  
last night!

Tune in every week to  
**NESTLE'S  
"BUNKHOUSE  
SHOW"**



PETRE MUNTEANU, Rumanian singer on a 14 weeks' tour of Australia, with the Cupid in the garden of his hotel. He will give recitals and appear with A.B.C. Symphony Orchestras in State capitals and country towns.

## He sings of love— and speaks of girls

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES, staff reporter

● "Marriage is a trap," says visiting Rumanian tenor Petre Munteanu with conviction. "Women set a trap and men — like mice — get caught."

THE dapper 38-year-old bachelor, on a nationwide A.B.C. concert tour, wiggled his fingers and let out a mousy squeak. "It goes snap. He is trapped."

To demonstrate, Munteanu snapped his fingers. A hovering waiter rushed up.

"No, I didn't call you. But perhaps we have tea, yes? It is better for the voice."

I was about to agree when he let go a few notes of "Plaisir d'Amour," his hand held—best tenor style—to his heart.

"You like love songs, yes? I love to sing of love. It is... what you call it? ... Ah—paradise on earth."

For a man who has only "a leetle English," Petre Munteanu (pronounced Pet-ray Mun-tayana) was not doing badly in the newest of his seven languages.

"Of course, to talk of love it is better to talk in French or Italian. English is not so simpatico."

"But here I learn the English fast so I can talk to the pretty Australian girls — you call them sheila, yes?"

"No!" I said hastily. But he was much too pleased with his new vocabulary.

"The first pretty Australian sheila I meet is on my aeroplane flying from Europe. She is the hostess and I ask her to dance in Singapore."

"Quel dommage! She wears the engagement ring and she thinks her fiance would not like it."

"Next, I arrive in Sydney and I am told here you have more men than women. I am very sad. I like girls," he added, to emphasise a point he has already made clear.

Munteanu isn't exactly every girl's dream of the dashing and romantic tenor.

### Face of Cupid

He is short, almost stocky, but a wavy pompadour haircut to his brown hair adds a few inches.

He looks, in fact, a little like the statue of Cupid he discovered in the hotel garden.

But he has bright blue eyes, and they sparkled each time a girl entered the front door of Sydney's Belvedere Hotel.

"All girls are wonderful," he went on. "Love has no nationality."

"A girl must be *carcina*—it is a word not in the English dictionary. It means not so beautiful but sympathetic, sensible. And very intelligent."

"To be beautiful alone is nothing. It will pass."

Women, however, are not his only favorite subject. He gets serious about music. And about being a student.

"I live in Milano, near La Scala Opera House, and when I am not on tour I go to lectures to study."

Right now he is missing lectures in Western European Languages and Literature.

He has already passed his intermediate examinations and when he returns will write a thesis for his doctorate.

His subject is the part of the tenor in Mozart operas, and he'll write it in German.

"Rumanian is my first language, naturally. I sing first with the Bucharest State Opera. Italian is next, because I live in Italy."

"But I study many years in Germany at the Berlin Music College — singing and to play the violin to help the singing."

"And for my songs I learn Russian, Spanish, and, of course, French."

Munteanu has sung in most European countries, including Britain, where he sang with the Glyndebourne Opera Company at the Edinburgh Festival.

He made his debut in Italy

at La Scala, singing in "Cosi Fan Tutte" in 1947.

Out of the pocket of his Italian-tailored plaid suit he pulled Hugo's Italian-English Dictionary.

"For the consultation. When I am not speaking so good I look up my Italian dictionary for the English word."

Munteanu likes all things Italian, especially Italian clothes for men.

"See, my suit." (He got up, made a little bow to show off the cut.) His sweater was black cashmere, worn over a white shirt and a yellow polka-dot black tie.

### "Tails, naturally"

"Black and yellow are my colors. Men do not wear enough color."

"For concerts, naturally, I wear the tails." His suit of tails — he's got four with him — are Italian-made, too.

"For rehearsals and in the daylight I like very much to wear sweaters under my suits. I take the coat off and I can be warm and wave my arms."

"But for women" (like it or not, we were back on the subject) "I like black. Women in black for the evening look mysterious... very seductive."

"All those towns. And all those pretty women. I shall sing them love songs — but only from the concert platform."

"Women do not really like to be serenaded — it makes them a little shy."





ABOVE: Famous American musical arranger and orchestra leader Ray Conniff "sits in" with the South Coast Citizens' Band playing a borrowed trombone. Ray Conniff made a rushed trip from New York to meet the Australian disc jockeys at the convention.

# DISC JOCKEY CONVENTION



JOCKEY CAP was worn by well-known breakfast session personality Russ Tyson, of Brisbane, at the big gala night banquet.

## "Elvis" was banned at this meeting

**"STRICTLY - OFF - THE - RECORD,"** Australia's top-line promoters of pop tunes and rock-'n-roll rhythm met recently at an unconventional convention for disc jockeys on the Queensland Gold Coast.

Nearly 50 highly popular radio and TV personalities from all States were the guests of a well-known recording company at a three-day get-together at Lennons Hotel, Broadbeach.

By a "gentleman's agreement," the name of Elvis Presley was not mentioned. The disc jockeys, or "Deejays" as they are called, felt that heavy heads after partying were painful enough without more punishment.

Although a few of the disc jockeys kept up a conscientious flow of slick Deejay jargon, not many professional gimmicks were aired at the convention.

However, it was enlightening to hear of the frustration of working with a "rusty" microphone.

The rustiness is caused by heavy breathing on the instrument, by over-personalised, intimate whisperings from heart-throb identities.

Off the air, the Deejays had hilarious sessions ridiculing the "four chords" — moon rhyming with June" type of hits, the promotion of which makes some of them so "fantastically" successful.

Carrying a baby piano out beside the swimming-pool at the hotel one night, they played and sang the songs they loved—"Roses of Picardy," "If You Knew Susie," "Somebody Loves Me," and old sentimental ballads, to a variety of "progressive" accompaniments.



ABOVE: Sydney Deejay Arch McKirdy dances on the airport tarmac with cabaret artist Margery Marshall. Also wearing leis in the background are, from left, Athol Hill, Charles McLaughlin, John Laurie, all of Perth, and Brian Muir, of Brisbane, kneeling beside the drum. The welcoming bandsmen are from the South Coast Citizens' Band.

BELOW: Chuck Hall, of Sydney, left, and Charles McLaughlin, of Perth, try to dissuade Sydney Deejay Kevin Golsby from plunging into the pool. Watching are Bill "Swingin'" Gates, of Brisbane (sitting paddling), and, from left, Allan Lappan, of Brisbane, Merv Hill, Brian Price, both of Adelaide, and John James, of Brisbane.



CANADIAN Mike Dyer, of Melbourne, left, compares his black beard with the titian one featured by French-born Red Perksey, of Sydney. Keith Grahame, of Adelaide, listens in. In the background are Allen Brandt, of Brisbane, left, and Reg Towell, of Sydney, being interviewed by staff reporter Mary Coles.





JOAN COLLINS glamorous star of "SEA WIFE"  
A SUMAR PRODUCTION FOR 20th CENTURY FOX IN CINEMASCOPE



**NEW LUX** now in the sealed protection of

**GOLD FOIL**

**STARRING NEW WHITENESS . . . NEW FRAGRANCE**

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**ALL THE FILM STARS PRAISE NEW LUX IN GOLD FOIL**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 28, 1958



# "Jedda" heroine wields a duster

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Pretty aboriginal girl Rosalee Kunoth, heroine of the film "Jedda," now has a real-life part as a domestic in the rambling eight-roomed rectory of St. James' Church of England, Mile End, Adelaide.

INSTEAD of speaking lines for a film, Rosalee answers the telephone with a polite: "Just a moment, I'll fetch the Rector," or "Could I take a message for you?"

Instead of smiling for cameras, she smiles as she works for the Rev. and Mrs. Lionel Renfrey, helping to care for their five children, Mary (8), Victoria (7), Ed-

ward (5), Angela (3), and Olivia (18 months).

"Rosie," as they call her, is 21 now, a tall girl with soft waving hair, who likes gay colors, pink lipstick to match a pink frock, whose manner is reserved with strangers but light-hearted with those she knows.

After leaving her native Alice Springs last year, Rosie had several jobs before joining the Renfreys, first in the Rectory of St. Edward the Confessor, at South Kensington, then at Mile End.

Mrs. Renfrey and Rosie divide the tasks between them — the Rector's wife doing cooking and laundry, Rosie the housework and washing-up.

She irons the children's blouses or school tunics, and in the evening supervises bathtime; has the housework well under control, sweeping, whisking round with a duster to keep the place shining.

Down the long corridor, towards the rear of the house, is Rosie's bedroom.

It's gay with colored bed-cover and curtains, has a comfortable chair, and radio.

Decorating the cream-painted wardrobe are "cut-outs" — colored or black-and-white photographs of film stars, which Rosie has stuck in place.

"My favorite is Jimmy Dean," says Rosie, pointing to the largest cutout in the centre of the wardrobe door.

Tuesday is Rosie's day off. Often she spends the evening with the Renfreys at the drive-in pictures, as she did when she celebrated her 21st birthday. There was also a special dinner, cake and candles, a gift of sundress and

matching jacket, greeting cards, and letters.

On outings, Mr. and Mrs. Renfrey, Rosie, and the five children pile into the family car—a dignified 1926 model Rolls-Royce, with a high hood, and footboards which seem almost two feet wide.

Mr. Renfrey is a Rolls-Royce enthusiast—he's owned a Silver Ghost, a roadster, and a 1923 model before the present one.

Last year he, his wife, and family entered in a vintage car rally. They also took part in a car-gymkhana, coming second.

This year, when the rally takes place in November, Rosie will be travelling with the Renfreys in state.

In Adelaide, Rosie hasn't driven a car, though at Delaney Downs, out of the Alice, she often took the wheel of a truck.

"I like going fast in a car," Rosie says, looking hopefully at the Rolls.

Rosie has plenty of companionship in the church's Young People's Guild.

She's been hiking with the group down to the Merino Rocks, past Brighton, on the sea coast. And she puts every inch of energy into games of cricket and softball. Now, she's taking up tennis.

Being a girl from the inland, Rosie isn't used to the sea, and says:

"I don't like swimming much."

This month, however, she is holidaying with the Renfreys at Brighton, by the sea, and, if it isn't too cold, will try the water again.

Meantime, the Mile End rectory has become her home.



ONE OF THE FAMILY, Rosie Kunoth sits with the Renfreys in the Rectory garden. Left to right: Victoria, 7, Edward, 5, Mrs. Renfrey, Rev. Lionel Renfrey, holding Olivia, 18 months, Angela, 3 (on Rosie's knee), and Mary, 8. In the Rectory "shrubbery" the family has picnic-style meals in the shade of almond and olive trees. Rosie, at 21, is not too grown-up to chase the children around the trees or push them on the swing, which has an old tyre for a seat.

Rosie's ambition for the future is to become an artist. Already she has a large sketchbook.

Turn the pages, and you'll see first a rather stiff drawing of some yellow garden flowers in a conventional vase.

But most colorful of all is the scene titled "Out in the Desert," by Rosalee Kunoth.

Obviously someone has perished on the dry plains. For there's a freshly dug grave marked by a cross, and a sorrowing lone stockman, head bent, standing by.

The inland sketches are better than the flower portraits.

They have warmth and color. You can sense that Rosalee Kunoth, city dweller though she now may be, still misses those wide landscapes of her former home in the Northern Territory.



ARTIST ROSIE has a young helper in Edward Renfrey, 5, who holds colored pastels as she sketches a Northern Territory scene. She is rapidly filling her sketchbook with colored pastel drawings, many of inland scenes. Rosie is encouraged in art by Mrs. Renfrey, who belongs to the Workers' Educational Association Art Club.



RIDING down the Rectory verandah on her bucking bronco is 18-month-old Olivia Renfrey, ably assisted by Rosie. Besides doing housework, sweeping, wielding a duster, Rosie irons the children's blouses or school tunics and in the evenings supervises bathtime.

CHANNEL 9 accidentally achieved the most notable first when they didn't use the hush-button on Sydney's Bishop W. G. Hilliard, and he used the first hush-button to enliven that excellent session "Meet the Press"; ATN's big first was world-famous Malcolm Muggeridge, whose Sunday afternoon interviews have been magnificent examples of the art.

There have been lots of other good things, too—ABC-TV's complete telecast of the Soccer Cup Final, their live telecasts from the Elizabethan Theatre—which all add up to the excellent programmes, both local and overseas, that viewers now enjoy.

And there are other treats in store. Listed for early release on Channel 9 is a modern Western—set in the 1950s—"The Sheriff of Cochise."

John Bromfield plays the sheriff who dispenses with the

\* A hush-button is a device that allows a television station to cut the sound instantaneously if quick censorship is necessary.

## TELEVISION PARADE

● Programme and production techniques get better and better on Australian TV. In the weeks since I last wrote about it there have been many big events.

horse and takes to a high-powered station wagon equipped with a two-way radio.

I'm told that this modern sheriff has no trouble finding Indians to whoop their way through the series. Cochise is in the State of Arizona, where I'm assured the Apache live "untamed to this day."

Another new Channel 9 programme that is sure of a big audience is J. Fenimore Cooper's famous classic "The Last of the Mohicans," which I was surprised to hear described as a Western. Thinking it over, I realise that it is just that, but what a Western.

John Hart plays Hawk-eye, the hero, and his faithful Indian companion Chingachgook is none other than Lon Chaney, jun.

Both these programmes are

as yet unscheduled, but they'll be welcomed by Sydney's Western-hungry viewers whose huge appetite is still unsatisfied.

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

DESMOND TESTER has deserted his Ninepins on Channel 9 to act as navigator for David Mackay, who is driving the Sunday and Daily Telegraph car in the Ampol Trial.

Always original, Desmond has installed as his relief a mechanical man, Robbie the Robot. Robbie appeared as a very popular guest with Desmond before he left and is now happily burning up electricity as compere for the Ninepins. What a stand-in!

IN January this year there were 47,000,000 TV sets in American homes and 4,000,000 of those homes had either two or three TV sets. Since then the grand total figure has increased steadily by 200,000 sets a month.

The vast audience of viewers has 500 stations to choose from, with New York and Los Angeles topping the market with seven stations each.

In both these places you can see—theoretically, and if you've the stamina—100 pre-1948 movies each week without moving from your home.

The latest American TV survey also shows fascinating American home life. Most families with sets eat dinner in TV twilight before the set, with minimum conversation; and a TV on-the-lap dinner is a favorite way to entertain dull friends.



BEST TV moment for me recently came in "Whirly Birds" (Channel 9, 7.30 p.m. Thursdays), a crime doesn't pay series written round two young men (the goodies) who hire and fly a helicopter.

They got involved a few weeks ago with some baddies who had a helicopter, too, and after lots of gunplay, hand-

cuffs, and high words from the humans, and an angry joust between the two helicopters, the episode ended with the two whirly birds flying happily off into the sunset.

Surely the hero and heroines union will stop these mechanical monsters stealing their traditional scenes?



# THOSE NEW LONG-DISTANCE LEGS

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES, staff reporter

● In a bombshell explosion that has rocked the fashion world, Paris couturiers upped the hemline almost to the knees. Result: The greatest international leg show in more than a decade.

THIS isn't cheesecake, it's fashion, and it's the one fashion that is going to make the boys forgive the Sack, the Trapeze, and all the other "new looks" that women call fashionable and men—let's face it—call horrible.

Men laughed at the Sack; they're pretty scathing about the Chemise; but have you ever seen one laugh at a good pair of legs?

Sometimes a new fashion takes time to win friends and influence people. The leggy look went straight to the top.

At Buckingham Palace recently Queen Elizabeth stood in front of a long mirror to make the decision all smart women will be making in their homes.

She had her hemlines shortened to 16 inches, then was photographed by her lady-in-waiting as she walked, got in and out of a car, and sat

down with crossed legs in her new short skirt.

Was the skirt too short for Royalty? Her answer appears to have been a happy "No."

Next, Princess Margaret toured the West Indies with a wardrobe of 17-inch hemlines. "Terrific," said the headlines. So, with Royal backing, the fashionable leg show is on its way.

Ask any man what he looks at first. His answer every time—if he's honest—is legs. So it's safe to predict that the boys are going to be pretty happy with this new fashion, because every smart girl will be showing a leg.

## "It's youth"

In Paris, where every recent fashion show has been a leg show, skirts rose as high as 19 inches from the floor, and there was talk of visible kneecaps.

Seasoned fashion writers gasped, then rushed for the transatlantic telephones. This was the biggest hemline news since the late Christian Dior invented his 1947 "New Look," which let down wartime utility hems almost to the ankle and made every woman's wardrobe as out of date as a feather boa.

"Zowie, this is youth," cried the magazine "Vogue."

And the immediate effect of the long-distance legs is youth. Those extra inches on show somehow manage to make every woman look a little more like those rangy, leggy beauties of the fashion ads.

At this stage husbands can relax. For this newest look a woman doesn't have to throw away her wardrobe.

First thing to do is to invest in a hem-marker, a packet of



WRONG AND RIGHT: Dawn Russell shows too much leg in an unattractive pose; Kathy Murrell illustrates relaxed glamor. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

## Hints to help a well-groomed hemline

● For the girls with not-so-perfect legs, a little help may be needed. The old trick of drawing a circle in the air with your foot still works wonders with thick ankles.

GROOMING matters more than ever. Always keep a razor or emery mitt handy, and use hand cream to keep the skin smooth.

Shoes and hemlines will share the limelight. Make sure your hemline is straight and invisibly stitched, that your petticoat never shows. Take your shoes to the bootmaker when the heels show the first sign of wear.

In Paris most pretty model girls wear their new short skirts above shoes with

little heels. Stilt heels, unless you walk beautifully, are inclined to produce a mincing gait.

One sure-fire trick, tested by a mannequin, for long-distance legs: When sitting with legs crossed, sit at an angle in the chair, with the legs pointed in the direction of the slant. This makes the legs look inches longer.

Walking is just about the best leg exercise. If you haven't time for extra distances, change heel heights frequently. This relaxes the leg muscles and tones them up.

Colored stockings are the newest gimmick on the market, but they also need a little caution. The pale subtle shades that are just an echo of your dress are fine for daytime; brighter colors should be kept for evening, when a little more dazzle is permissible and often attractive.





**ABOVE:** Modern cars provide hazards for a modern girl wearing the new short hemline. Dawn Russell demonstrates today's fashion cheesecake.

**RIGHT:** Sydney model Kathy Murrell, whose 36-inch measurement from thigh to ankle rates her the girl with the longest legs in town.



## And most men turned to smile and stare

pins, and a pair of scissors, and take your stand in front of a long mirror.

The big question is: How much leg to show? The answer: All you can stand.

Procedure is this: Start lifting your skirt. Keep going. When you yell "That's enough," you stop.

Here is where a little caution enters. Shorten your skirts. BUT—no knees.

In case girls do get over-enthusiastic with a pair of scissors, "Vogue" quotes an old wheeze: "A woman's skirts should be like a good speech—long enough to cover the subject, short enough to be interesting."

Inches from the floor don't count; they naturally vary between tall and short girls. The new length of your skirt depends on your legs.

### Inch or so

If they're fairly sensational, you can lop off at least three inches. (New term for very short skirts is cap skirts—they just cap the knee.)

In any case you'll show more leg, even an inch or so more, because not to show a leg is out of date.

However, before you dazzle your public with those extra inches, take time for a rehearsal in private.

Use your long mirror again. Walk towards it.

If the skirt rides up above the knee, it's probably too short. Unless you can walk with a free swing, it's too tight.

How you manage your new short skirt matters so much that fashion magazines have warned their readers about it.

Any skirt rides up a little when you sit down. The new hemline is liable to ride up at least to the knees. This means you'll have to sit more carefully. No sprawling or you'll be cheesecake and not fashion.

Try sitting and get your home audience to criticise how you—or, rather, your legs—look. See how you can cross your knees or ankles for a prettier line of leg.

Just in case all these warnings should frighten you off, the results are well worth it.

### Fresh look

To demonstrate the effect this leg show is going to have on every girl, we picked the model girl with the longest legs in town—19-year-old Kathy Murrell, who is 5ft. 10in. tall with legs 2in. longer than almost anyone else—and a blond junior secretary from our office—17-year-old Dawn Russell, 5ft. 3in., and our idea of the typical pint-sized Australian teenager.

First we had to do a little hemming. Dawn's skirts went up to 18 inches; tall Kathy's to just below the knee.

"Oo-ooh," chorused both girls, a little dubiously. "Isn't it too short?"

Round town we went, photographing them sitting on stools in coffee shops, climbing on buses, walking downstairs.

The results are in the pictures: A whole fresh new look to fashion for every girl.

Unseen effects: We didn't pass one man who didn't turn his head and give a wide, happy grin at the girls with the long-distance legs.

## From Princess: Royal approval



**ROYAL FASHION LEADER PRINCESS MARGARET** in one of her shorter hemline dresses that won wide applause on her West Indies tour. The 200 dresses she ordered from Norman Hartnell and Victor Stiebel for her 14,000-mile tour included many with hemlines 17in. from the ground. Here she talks to a civic leader after her arrival at Port of Spain.

**How to Turn up a Hem—  
See page 30**



you are looking at  
the beginning of  
the end of a cough!



The first spoonful starts soothing  
"deep-down" relief your child needs!



Here's the safe, sure way to ease coughing with no "overdosing" worries. Your child's cough starts to go as soon as he swallows Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup. Penetrating quickly deep into his sore throat... it soothes irritations ordinary mixtures can't reach. Then... he feels soothing warmth as Vicks Cough Syrup drives out painful chest congestion.

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**COUGH SYRUP**

The Cough Syrup That Loves Children!



CS-M2-42

FATHER



"Every time we get a new car he's like this for the first few days."

MOTHER



"If you don't believe me, ask Jimmy."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

SAWING a curtain rod in halves with an old breadknife the other night, I reflected that someone ought to write a special series of carpentry hints for women.

(The breadknife worked quite well. Slow, of course.)

The handyman columns in the papers are admirable in their way, but they're too advanced to be much use to women.

"Drill a small hole and attach bracket..." Things like that. What with?

I'd like to see more detailed instructions. Something like: "Grasp a hammer in right hand, with thumb at left of handle. Take nail..."

I had a hammer once. At least I thought it was mine. But it was at a time when I had two or three female friends in nearby flats, all given to lending and borrowing.

"Can I have my hammer, please?" asked one of them one night. "I've brought you back your awl."

Not liking to dispute ownership of the hammer, I settled for the awl, though, of course, it wasn't mine. How would I have known what to ask for in a shop?

Since then I use an old walking shoe for a hammer. The awl has proved most valuable, if only to impress visiting handymen.

I WISH scarves were made like clip-on bow-ties.

Some people are natural scarf arrangers. They are the ones who can set their own hair. Probably make good sponge cakes, too.

These thoughts arise from a discouraging experience I had last weekend.

I tucked a scarf into the collar of a jacket, hoping to attain what the fashion experts call that relaxed look.

During the day two people asked me if I had a sore throat.

A LOT of people who don't care much for U.S. Vice-President Nixon have sympathised with him in his unfortunate experiences during his goodwill tour of South America.

In Peru mobs threw stones, eggs, and oranges at him, and in Colombia a crowd burned a picture of him outside his hotel.

Poor Mr. Nixon will be glad to get home where insults are confined to the verbal.

Certainly a politician is rather more hardened than others to an unsympathetic audience, but the South American countries are given to violent expressions of lack of sympathy.

The affair makes you wonder about the wisdom of goodwill tours as such.

The danger lies partly in the name. The contrariness of human nature makes it look with suspicion on the label. It might be better to call them tours, and bestow the title of good or ill later.

NOT everyone can answer his critics as well as aboriginal rainmaker Bill Hooker, of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Bill is one of the best-known characters round the Gulf, and he was bitterly offended when one of the locals twitted him that he was getting too old to make rain.

He got out his rainmaking stones, went to work, and that night four and a half inches fell.

This question of whether a man is too old for the job or not is one that begins to haunt

him after middle life. Rainmakers, unlike swimmers and athletes, usually last a long time.

Since, like the Public Service, they are the target of every critic with tongue or pen, they have the toughness which ensures the best chance of survival against the slur "too old."

In more orthodox occupations the age at which this charge is levelled varies. A far-sighted young man chooses a line where he can set himself up in business. His employees will mutter that he is becoming decrepit, but as long as he pays their salaries they won't say it aloud.

BY the time people get round to worrying about whether the job they've chosen is a long-wearing type it's usually too late. Hobbies are another matter.

Fishing, for instance, lasts longer than golf. If you get too old to leap about the rocks you can sit on the bank of a river.

Nature students are better advised to take up botany than bird-watching. Birds have such an irritating habit of hopping from twig to twig, but flowers stay still.

FOR 50 cents, according to an American advertisement, you can buy a product to polish indoor plants.

A woman's work is never done, is what they used to say,

In cooking, sewing, washing up, she slaved throughout the day,

And then inventors came along with gadgets bright and new,

Designed to do a woman's work and leave her naught to do.

Machines to wash the dishes, clothes; and stoves equipped to think,

And things to grind the garbage fine and wash it down the sink,

And plastics, plastics everywhere, and less and less to break,

But should a woman lack for work there's always work to make.

With woman freed from slavery, so feminists were sure,

She'd lend a hand to run the world and put an end to war,

And men were nervously concerned lest wives should wear the pants—

Relax. We girls are occupied. We're polishing the plants.



# THEIR FILM WAS A HOLIDAY

● High, smooth, and swift, the huge American airliner sped toward Paris.

It had been a comfortable flight—for most of the passengers.

But in one window seat a man who wore a tired, tweedy expression and an overcoat over his shoulders crouched with a bottle of whisky.

From time to time he muttered to himself: "I hate aeroplanes . . . I hate aeroplanes . . . I hate aeroplanes . . ."

This was Rex Harrison, brilliant Professor Higgins of "My Fair Lady," now repeating his Broadway triumphs at London's Drury Lane Theatre Royal.

Rex was taking a well-earned holiday before the London opening. But his idea of a holiday was to spend the weeks making a film with 30-year-old Kay Kendall, his beautiful wife of a year.

The film is M.G.M.'s "The Reluctant Debutante," a sophisticated comedy in which Kay and Rex play the husband and wife roles.

Rex and Kay first filmed together—and detested each

## FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

other on sight—in "The Constant Husband" in 1955.

Kay has vivid memories of that first meeting, when Rex walked into the studio without closing the door behind him.

A set assistant whispered that this was a fetish with the great star: He simply never closed doors.

Kay watched, fascinated, as, every twenty seconds, with the precise gestures of a studied hypochondriac, "the great star" swallowed a pill.

The whispering assistant explained that one of Rex's favorite stories concerned the discovery by doctors of a calcified gland in his intestines.

Inevitably, one day they met alone on the set. Kay was terrified. But Rex looked at her and laughed.

"This morning," he said, "I decided to be very disagreeable toward you. But I've made enough enemies. Now we shall be friends."

In "The Reluctant Debutante" the couple give a hilarious rock-n-roll exhibition.

Kay had an idea of doing the Rosalind Russell role of "Auntie Mame" while Rex was busy with "My Fair Lady" in London.

But Rex wants to direct her in it, so, for the present, she is simply Mrs. Rex Harrison, wife of London's most successful actor.

★ When 50-year-old, wolf-like Rex Harrison and his lovely British comedienne wife, Kay Kendall, went to Paris to co-star in the film version of "The Reluctant Debutante," she took the actress' accoutrements of trunks and suitcases. He packed the bags under his eyes.





# Queen of Sheba is a gold digger

● The Queen of Sheba . . . Duchess of Edie Creek . . . The Gold Digger . . . Mother of the American Army in the South-west Pacific . . . Auntie Alice . . . Auntie . . . Mum . . .

THESE are some of the fond names Mrs. Alice Bowring has been called since she first went to wild-and-woolly New Guinea nearly 30 years ago to cook and housekeep for 30 tough miners.

If you put her in any society anywhere she would stand out as authentically Australian as a didgeridoo — proof, if proof is needed, that after 170 years Australia has produced a distinctive individual who could have come from no other environment.

Mum Bowring is one of those rare characters, personalities in their own right, you meet once or twice in a lifetime.

And as everything about her is large, from her arms like an all-in wrestler's to her high ribald belly-laugh, it is no wonder that the natives for 100 miles around Mt. Kaindi, near Wau, affectionately call her "Big Fellah Missus Belong Kaindi."

I first met Mum some time ago when she came to Sydney from New Guinea for the "proudest moment" of her life — when her barrister son, James Paul Bowring, presented his own son, Anthony, at the Full Court as a solicitor.

But later, when I called on her, she said: "Wait a jiff while I make some tea. The only pot-walloping I ever do is when I leave my paradise for women—New Guinea — and come back to this dump."

Like a full-rigged ship, she rolled back with a tray, set it down, and reached for the teapot.

"I never use a strainer — waste of time. How d'you like it — strong and sweet?"

"Thank you," I said. "A man after my own heart, but don't think you'll get anything interesting out of me. I'm just a tattered old remnant."

"I can't even say I'm old in the tooth, because they're not mine. I once clapped this store set at a bunch of wild natives, and they ran like hell."

Three hours later, weak with laughter from Mum's stories and at least one rude poem, and a life-devotee of Mum for her wit, wisdom, charm, and blistering idiom, I was back, far from the pine-draped slopes of the New Guinea mountains, among the glum faces and scurry of Sydney's streets.

Mum is in her seventy-sixth year, but only an unimaginative statistician would call her old. "Timeless and immense" is how a New Guinea hand once defined her.

She was born Alice Lavery, at Goulburn, N.S.W., in 1882. Her parents were both Scots, and her father was a farmer turned contractor turned storekeeper at Concord.

She married in 1903, had two sons, one of whom died, and in 1913 her husband died, and she was penniless.

She had already trained as an obstetric nurse, and for the next 19 years she kept herself and her son, whom she put through the University as a lawyer, by nursing, keeping a boarding-house at Neutral Bay, running two cafes, including one she helped start at the Astor Flats, Macquarie Street, and working on the advertising staff of "Smith's Weekly."

"I was walking down Pitt Street one morning in 1932," Mum says, "when I suddenly thought, 'You ought to be kicked to death, Alice Bowring, if you stay in the rut you're in.'"

"It was the middle of the depression, and nobody talked anything else. I said to myself, 'I'm sick of this. Get out and do something.'"

"I bought a paper, and the only job I could see was that someone in New Guinea wanted a cook. I thought, 'I can't possibly be a cook,'

By  
RONALD McKIE

and then I said to my dirty pride, 'Shut your trap!'

"So I went to the employment agency, where a man said, 'Why do you want to take this job?' and I said, 'I want to get out of the country.' He gave me a queer look and said, 'Have you any references?' and I said, 'Heavens, No!'

She got the job, and in a few weeks was 7000 feet up in the New Guinea mountains at Edie Creek, as cook-housekeeper for New Guinea Goldfields Ltd., looking after 30 miners in a total population of 104 people, including children.

"It was a frontier town, all right, and old Bill Royal and Dick Glasson, two of the Big Six who found fabulous gold at Edie in 1926, were still around.

"Booze — you could've walked to San Francisco on the empties — and for richness and variety I've never heard swearing like it anywhere."

"I didn't do much cooking after I'd learnt pidgin and taught my five boys, but I stayed for a year and then started a mess of my own a mile or so down the creek at the Day Dawn claim.

"About two years after I hit New Guinea I was walking the 11-odd miles to Wau down the mountain road, carrying eight hundred quid's worth of fine gold in a little tin to bank at Wau for one of the boys, when I ran

into Jack Banning tinkering with his Bitsa.

"The Bitsa was an old ute. It was like a mad mong — you couldn't tell who its parents were."

"What about a lift in the Rolls?" I said.

"Sure," Jack said, 'if you're game to get into the old cow.'"

"So I got in and we started down the road, but we'd gone only half a mile when Jack said, casual like, 'The flamin' brakes have fallen off.' We dived at a bend, and the Bitsa went one way and I went the other."

"When I woke up I was 120 feet down a cliff, draped over a rock with the freezing water of a mountain stream running half over me. I still held the tin of gold in my right hand. I looked into the water and kept thinking, 'It's a river of blood.'"

"It was, because when a native boy found me and nearly every miner in the area got me to the top on ropes, I needed eight stitches in my head, and had a broken back."

"Boys carried me to Wau, where I spent 17 days in hospital, and boys carried me back to Edie, where I was four months in bed, and by the time my fractured spine had mended I was seven hundred quid in debt, and a bit worried."

But one day Sid Dye, a carpenter turned miner who owned the D and W claim, came to Mum and said: "I've made enough, and I'm going home. I haven't seen the wife for a long time."

"You can have my bit of ground down the creek. She won't make your fortune, but you'll get enough out of her to eat."

As Mum says: "After I'd thanked Sid I thought, 'Blow me down, I've only been here a couple of years, and I own a gold claim!'

## Admiral Halsey called her Mum

And it wasn't the last, either.

Mum built herself a shack above her claim, slaved with her boys over the sluice-boxes down in the creek, and made enough to pay off her debts and buy, on time payment, the Queen of Sheba claim for £1050.

Later she acquired the Midas claim, then the Boulder, and later still No. 1 Dredging claim, which she still owns, on the Bulolo River.

Just before the Japanese struck, Mum had built herself a new house — one of six houses she has built with her own strong hands and the help of her boys — and had completely



"ME AND HIM" is what Mum Bowring called this picture of herself holding a carved New Guinea dish.

furnished it — new carpet, silver, everything. Then on Christmas Eve, 1941, 17 days after Pearl Harbor, when all women were evacuated, Mum walked out of her house with a few clothes and £15-£10 more than the bank manager was supposed to allow her.

In Sydney the authorities offered her £2 a week subsistence money.

"Cripes," she said, "that wouldn't keep me in pins."

"Can't you live with relations," an official said.

"I wouldn't bot on them," Mum said.

Mum, who was 60, offered for work at a munitions factory, but was told by the "shiny pants" there she was too old.

She took a job as cook at the Sans Souci Guest House at Katoomba. She ran a poultry

"Mum," and the thousands of troops who passed through her canteen knew her by no other name. She was Mum to Admiral "Bull" Halsey, Mum to Admiral Bill Carney, Mum to General Bill Rose.

"The Yanks treated me like a queen," Mum says, chuckling over those days, "and even publicly proclaimed me 'The Mother of the American Army in the South-west Pacific.'"

"It was all a flaming build-up, and I felt a silly cow, but it was fun."

"On my 62nd birthday I was presented with a huge cake so big it had to be carried on a plank, with a bottle of whisky embedded in the icing — even though I drink a glass of beer about

once every M i c h a e l m a s .

"A n d every hour that night cables were delivered to me from Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Chiang Kai-shek, Joe Stalin — all faked, of course."

"To get my own back, I recorded a rude poem, the 'Elephant's Backside,' and sent it to General Rose, who played it to a dinner party attended by all the top brass."

"During the dinner Admiral Halsey phoned me and said, 'Mum, I want a copy of the Elephant immediately. I won't go back to the States without it.'"

When the Americans moved on from New Caledonia, Mum returned to Australia, where she first ran a canteen at the American air base at Amberley, Qld., and then

a "bed-and-breakfast joint" at Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

When she returned to New Guinea in 1946 all that remained of her house was the back wall of the kitchen and the tank. So she bought herself a tool kit and with the help of Ninga, her old head boy, and others, built herself a new house.

"Today," Mum says, "I live alone in my own beautiful Eden above my gold-claim, which I work when I'm short of a few chips."

"The house, called 'Elderslie' after my mother's birthplace, is 3000 feet above sea level, seven miles from Wau, and is on the slope of a great gorge."

She is happy and independent, convinced after a long life that nothing is impossible if you want it badly and work for it. And all over New Guinea Big Fellah Missus has friends both black and white.

When Prince Philip was in New Guinea she travelled 38 miles to Zenag, half-way between Lae and Wau, to lunch with him at the home of Mick Leahy. ("One of the wonderful men of New Guinea," Mum says.)

"The District Commissioner, Horrie Niall, took me up to the Duke and said, 'This is my favorite aunt. She's a gold digger.'"

"Are you really a gold digger?" the Duke said.

"Sure!" I said.

"I suppose you have a dredge?" the Duke said.

"Cripes, no," I said, "that'd cost a million quid."

"Then how do you dig for gold?" the Duke asked.

"Pick and shovel," I said, "and a little tin dish!"



# Domesticated lions at large

## They form a new club every day

● Sydney last week was the hunting ground of a thousand domesticated lions—lions in tailored suits and sports clothes.

THEY did not roar, and were far from ferocious, but they did show that they liked hunting in a pack—Lions International, the largest non-political, non-sectarian service organisation in the world.

The name comes from the initial letters of the Association's slogan—L for liberty, I for Intelligence, and O N S for Our Nation's Service.

Not only are there "lions" in this world-wide den: there are "lionesses" (members of a wives' auxiliary), "lion-tamers" (responsible for the individual clubs' properties), and "tail-twisters" (who police members for unruly conduct or for breaking club regulations).

And there are "cubs"—sons of "lions" who grow into the movement, absorbing its aims and objects from their fathers.

### 1000 delegates

Wearing their "official" uniform—Air Force type forage caps in the Lions colors of purple and gold, and dark blue ties sprinkled with little gold lions—nearly 1000 delegates registered in Sydney for their sixth national convention.

Two delegates came from New Zealand, where the first Lions Club was established only two years ago.

One of them is the Auckland Club's Liontamer, Mr. "Nole" Cole, who owns "Moose Lodge," the lovely country home near Rotorua where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stayed during their tour of New Zealand.

Highlights of the convention's five-day programme included:

● A colorful flag presentation ceremony in Sydney Town Hall.

● A parade through Sydney streets of 50 floats depicting Lions projects, massed bands, six teams of marching girls, and 120 Australian Lions Clubs' banners.

● A civic reception, banquet, ball, barbecue, harbor cruise, mannequin parade, and visits to local industries.

### American stunts

In Australia the only distinguishing mark of a Lion is a tiny blue enamel badge, almost lost in its wearer's buttonhole.

But in America, Lions, and potential Lions, are not so conservative. Manufacturers are turning out small boys' T-shirts printed on the back with a large lion's head, and underneath the words "My Dad's a Lion."

There are bibs for Baby Lions, which tell you "I'm a Little Lion," vivid gold and purple waistcoats, lion-embossed cuff-links, cigarette lighters, bookends, travelling clocks, and serviette rings.

For Lionesses there are diamante earrings and brooches.

Lions International started at a business luncheon in America some 40 years ago, when a civic-minded stockbroker, Melvin Jones, decided there should be something more to businessmen's luncheons than just chatter.

He put the suggestion to 25 other business and professional men's clubs in Dallas, Texas, and this group formed the nucleus of the International Association of Lions Clubs—known now as Lions International.



AT THE CONVENTION'S registration centre at Sydney Showground, Lou Hyman (left), of Bankstown, and Keith Fowler, of Fairfield.

Today there are more than 13,000 clubs throughout the world, and in the past ten years new Lions Clubs have been formed at the rate of one or more a day.

In Australia, where the Association got a foothold only ten years ago, there are already 120 clubs.

Lionism is very much a family affair, with wives working to help finance projects assigned to their husbands' clubs.

In Atherton, North Queensland, not so long ago Lionesses chalked a line nearly a mile long on Main Street and appealed to the public to pave the footpath with pennies. They "sold" the footpath by the yard and their efforts raised £7000.

This went towards a total of £222,500 which Australian Lions and their wives have raised in the past year to finance:

● Lions House of Sunshine in Victoria, a residential block for old people, costing

£25,000, which is to be opened soon.

● A home for orphan children at Bowral, N.S.W., to cost £30,000.

● The construction of 20 prefabs at Leura and Wentworth Falls, in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., to provide temporary accommodation for families burnt out in recent bushfires.

● The Lions Research Unit in Melbourne, an ophthalmic clinic opened last year, which provides postgraduate training as well as treatment of eye diseases.

Smaller jobs include raising funds for bus shelters, iron lungs, and buses for blind children; taking handicapped children to the seaside, and minding children for busy mothers.

### Leo helps, too

One metropolitan Sydney club—Manly—has started its own club for women, which, although an offshoot of Manly Lions, is an autonomous body of about 50 wives and friends of Lions.

Known as Leo (Ladies' Emergency Organisation), it was formed two years ago with the idea of having a team of volunteers and a healthy balance of funds to cope with sudden emergency.

Typical of their work is this: A young widow in their district had three small children, no training, and a far from adequate pension. She wanted to become a teacher, so the local Leos arranged to mind the children while she studied.

Now she has matriculated and the Leos are raising funds to build another room on to her house to accommodate a live-in help so that the young widow can attend lectures at the Teachers' College.

And some months ago a motor wheel-chair, driven by a young crippled woman, broke down in Manly.

When the Leos and the Lions heard about it, the Lions sent along two mechanics to repair the chair and the Leos paid the expenses.



MORE THAN 1000 Lions and their wives watched Sydney Boy Scouts carry national flags to the Town Hall stage.



LITTLE LION'S feeding bib being tied on Mr. George Moses, president of the Lions Club in Atherton, Queensland, by his wife, while Mrs. Roley Hocking tries a Lions pullover on her husband, club president at Innisfail, Queensland.



BANNERS carried in the convention parade through Sydney streets represented 120 Lions Clubs from suburbs and country towns. Also in the parade were buses and ambulances worth £20,000 which Lions Clubs have presented to other organisations.



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KEEPS HAIR SOFTLY GLAMOROUS ALWAYS

MEDIUM SIZE, 13/11—  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 28, 1958





**LONDON WEDDING.** The Earl of Bective and his bride, formerly the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, leave St. James' Church, Spanish Place. The Earl is the eldest son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, of County Meath, Ireland. The Marchioness was Elsie Tucker, of Sydney, before her marriage to Sir Rupert Clarke. She later married the Marquess of Headfort.

**COLLEGE CHAPLAIN,** the Rev. Woodhouse, congratulates Ian Clifton after his marriage to Wendy Lawson at Newington College Chapel. Wendy is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lawson, of Mittagong, and Ian is the son of the Wesley Cliftons, of Camden.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Feiersinger, who were married at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was formerly Margaret Crothers, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Crothers, of "Rangers' Valley," Glen Innes. Frederick comes from the Tyrol in Austria.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**IT'S** to be a life on the land for Bill Day and his blond fiancée, Joan Allen, of Double Bay. Bill has just bought a property near Young, and they will live there after their wedding on June 18.

They will be married at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff, and Joan will be attended by Mrs. David Boyce, Mrs. Hugh Dennison, and Ingrid Cardamatis.

Joan now comes into town with long, long shopping lists—she's in the midst of trousseau-shopping and is also buying furniture and furnishings for her new home.

**A** DATE for your diary . . . May 29 for the 75th anniversary ball of Sydney High School, which is being organised by the combined committee of the Sydney High Old Girls and Boys' Union.



**COMMITTEE MEMBERS** (from left) Mrs. Keith Judd, Mrs. James Petrie, and Mrs. R. A. Swift discuss plans for the Shore Old Boys' ball over lunch at Romanos. The ball will be held at the Trocadero on May 30.



**A CAPRI HONEYMOON** for Mr. and Mrs. David Pegum, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, London. David is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Pegum, of Artarmon, and his bride, formerly Margaret French, is the daughter of Mrs. M. B. French, of Cremorne, and the late Mr. N. S. French.



**HOME AGAIN** in Australia are Carole Mason, of Surfers' Paradise, and her fiancé, Gavin Baillieu, of Melbourne. They met in London and announced their engagement there a few months ago. Gavin is the younger son of Mrs. Harold Coldham and the late Mr. H. L. Baillieu, of Echuca, Vic.

**TEN** days' holiday in Queensland for Claire Curchod—but she'll be back in time to say "good luck" to her brother, Don, who is off to stroke the Sydney University eight at the Inter-University Regatta in Adelaide on June 7.

**FIONA AIKEN** wore a christening robe more than 70 years old for her christening in Quirindi—she is the daughter of Jean and David Aiken, of "Yarral-Yarral," Rowena. Grandparents Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McDonald, of "Inverkip," Quirindi, gave a wonderful party to celebrate the occasion.

**NEWLYWEDS** Judy and Theo Stanley, who were married in Tamworth, are honeymooning at Surfers' Paradise and will then make their home in Bondi. Judy is the daughter of the R. W. Talbots, of Tamworth.

**DOCTORS** and nurses will predominate among the 350 guests at the Concord Repatriation Hospital graduation ball at the Empress Ballroom on Thursday, May 22. The dance is to be given by the student nurses in honor of the 13 graduates.

**ONE** party I don't want to miss is the cocktail party at Terry Clune's Gallery, in Macleay Street, on May 31. Money raised will help defray expenses for the Bachelors' Ball on June 13—and this year there are more than 60 of Sydney's most eligible bachelors on the committee.



**QUARTET OF GUESTS** at the "Turn of the Century" ball arranged by the Old Boys' Union of Sydney Grammar School are (from left) Dr. and Mrs. Albert Pfeifer, Mrs. Bruce Storey, and Dr. Storey. Mrs. Pfeifer wore a floor-length red chiffon dress and Mrs. Storey chose white organza.



**LEAVING** Scots College Chapel after their wedding are Nigel Ross and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Hughes, of Warrabee. They are on a honeymoon cruise to Noumea. Nigel is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ross, of Holbrook.

**YOUNG** Evelynne Brookes, daughter of Marilynne and Murray, is delighted with the arrival of a little sister, who will be christened Laura Sandra. The Brookes family is living at Cremorne.

**NEWLYWEDS** Judith and Ross Walcott will make their home on the Walcott property, "Rafa." Delegate, now they have returned from Surfers' Paradise.

**THAT** handsome young couple Margot and Mac Munro, of "Gaerloch," Cooma, are now basking in the sun in Queensland, spending a few weeks at Goondiwindi, where Mac and his brother Dugald own a property. Margot's mother, Mrs. Westray Pearce, tells me that they plan to come to Sydney before returning to cold weather in Cooma.

Anne



# Say it with Flowers

**J**OHN SAUNDERS was sitting placidly at his desk, going over some market research statistics for his boss, when the phone rang. He picked it up absently and said, "Saunders here."

A voice, breathless and exultant, said, "Darling!"

John blinked. He knew a number of girls, but none of them usually greeted him like this.

"Er — hallo," he said cautiously.

"Oh, John, darling," the voice said again, with even more expression, "I—I've been trying to write to you, for hours, only I had to keep tearing up the paper and starting all over again, and finally I've given up and—here I am, phoning you."

"Oh," he said. "Yes."

Somewhere inside him a small trumpet was sounding a shivery alarm. He had recognised the voice now. It was Freda Jameson's. And Freda was calling him darling, and talking about tearing up notes, and being breathless. A shiver went down his spine.

"It's—it's so difficult to find the words," Freda was cooing, "to tell you how I felt when I— Oh, John, it was such a beautiful, shy, romantic thing to do!"

His forehead began to feel hot and damp. He gripped the phone.

"It was?" he said. "I mean . . ."

He stopped then, because it occurred to him that he had no idea what he meant. In the middle of a calm, busy afternoon, madness seemed suddenly to have dropped on him unsuspectingly.

"I know," Freda said softly. "I know you mean it, John, darling. You're always so wonderfully sincere. And so shy. Why, all this time we've known each other I never guessed you felt like that! You poor boy, how you must have suffered, trying to find some way of telling me, and never managing it. And then to think of saying it with flowers! Darling, I cried, I really did, when I saw those marvellous roses and—read your beautiful note."

"Flowers," John said. His voice was a hoarse whisper. What had happened? What was she talking about? Freda Jameson, whom he'd always tried to escape from, who had always terrified him with her hungry smile and her mother who talked incessantly of what a good thing it was for men to marry young—Freda was babbling now as if—as if they were in love or something!

He vaguely understood the reference to flowers. He had made some excuse, a few days before, when she'd invited him to her birthday party, and yesterday, the day of the party, he'd squared his conscience by sending her some flowers. But—notes? Beautiful messages? All he had written on the card at the florist's was, Many happy returns, J. What was so beautiful about that?

"Oh, John," Freda murmured. "You can talk to me now. No need to be tongue-tied any longer. If only I'd known—I've always longed for some word, some sign, from you."

"Freda," John said desperately. "Freda, I'm afraid you must—"

"Darling, haven't you guessed yet how I feel about your proposal? You mustn't be afraid I'm angry; of course I'm not. Of course I'll marry you!"

He took the phone from his ear and stared at it. He had a distinct feeling that his brain had slowly turned upside down. Freda's voice came again, and he automatically listened again.

"John, darling," she said. "I've got to rush now. I promised to have tea with Mary Simmons. But I can't wait to see you. Come round here, tonight. Come for dinner."

She paused, then added with a little shy giggle: "Mummy knows already. I just had

to tell her straight away. She's thrilled! She said she always hoped I'd marry someone like you. Until tonight then, my sweet . . ."

He couldn't believe it had all happened. He touched the desk in front of him, and it was cold and solid. He took out his handkerchief and patted his brow. It was true, he was awake, and it had happened. Freda Jameson had just told him she was going to marry him.

He sank back in his chair, trying to get some calm and order into his panic-stricken thoughts. How had it happened? How had the whole terrible mistake been made?

Fact number one: he had sent Freda some flowers. Number two: there was a message for her, enclosed with the flowers. Number three: it couldn't have been the message he'd sent, because not even Freda Jameson's mother could have translated Many happy returns into a proposal of marriage.

Therefore, it was either a fake message, inserted as a devilish practical joke by some idiot, or it was somebody else's message that

had got into Freda's flowers by mistake. And now . . .

Perspiration started from him once more as he realised that, on the strength of this small card, Freda Jameson and her mother were at this moment, no doubt, spreading the happy news to all and sundry that Freda was soon to become Mrs. John Saunders.

He snatched convulsively at the phone, then dropped it again. He picked up a sheet of letter paper, and pushed it away. It wasn't any good trying to contact Freda at once, anyway. He'd be seeing her this evening.

He took a deep breath, and said to himself briskly: Saunders, be a man. A mistake has been made, and you must just explain it clearly and simply to Freda. And to her mother.

At that thought he shuddered.

It was a long time before he was able to start thinking straight again. He thought, first, about Freda. He thought about the party at Dicky Thornton's last Thursday, when somehow he had been landed with





**It's always good advice, as long as  
the right message goes with it**

**BY NICHOLAS CAREY**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

Freda and found himself forced to take her home that night. She had shown pretty clearly then just what an enthusiastic Mrs. Saunders she would be if she got the chance. He shuddered again, reminiscently.

It wasn't that she had anything wrong with her, to look at. She was a slim and vivid brunette with a big, white, toothy smile, and any man who first saw her took a good long second look.

But then, within a few minutes of getting to know her, any man, if he were sensible, took to his heels. Because Freda Jameson had just one idea in her head, and so had her mother: Freda wanted a husband, as quickly as possible.

He had managed to escape her most of the time, until last Thursday. Then he had had to spend the evening answering eager questions about his income, his prospects, and did he believe in large families.

He had been dazzled by her smiles, held in a close embrace when he danced with her, and half smothered by the goodnight kiss on her doorstep.

But he had at least kept his head sufficiently to excuse himself from going to the birthday party she said she was having on Monday, and had done the gentlemanly thing by phoning up the florist's shop that was round the corner from Freda's house, and ordering roses and a card with birthday wishes. And now this!

He made himself think carefully about that call to the florist's. Could the girl have misheard him? But no, she'd repeated the message carefully; sounded rather pleasant, too.

Helpful! he thought, gritting his teeth. She's only helped me into the biggest mess a man could ever have to face! And it must have been the flower girl; no one else would have had the chance to tamper with the card.

He looked at his watch, saw that it wasn't five yet, and leaped grimly to his feet. Before he walked through Freda's door that evening, like Daniel entering the lions' den, he wanted a brief and pointed conversation with that sweet, helpful florist who mistook birthday messages for marriage proposals.

The only person in the shop when he got there was the florist herself. She had her back to him as she worked on some floral arrangement.

He took a deep breath and said, steelily, "Good afternoon. I want a word with you, please."

The girl turned, slightly startled. He looked at her, and it was his turn to be startled. From behind she looked just like any other girl with a slim figure. But when she turned round—

She had short, wavy hair, eyes that were fascinating, skin that was a glowing honey color, and a girlishly soft and eager mouth.

He blinked at her, and it took him quite a few moments to remember that this was the girl he was supposed to be furious with.

She said brightly: "Good afternoon, sir. What can I do for you?"

Her voice, as warm and welcoming as her smile, didn't help to stoke up the fires of anger in him. He swallowed, regained control of himself, and said grimly, "I don't know that you can do anything more than you've done already for me. Are you aware that you have probably ruined my entire life?"

The tawny eyes widened at him.

"Oh," she breathed. "You — you must be Mr. Saunders. Mr. John Saunders. I—I was going to phone you, or come and see you, or something, to explain, and—say how terribly sorry I was . . ."

"So you know then?" He tried to stay angry with her, but each time she looked at him

it grew more and more difficult. "You know what you've done to me!"

The girl bit her lip. The white of her teeth against the yielding red fascinated him.

"I don't know what to say," she confessed, gazing up at him with big anxious eyes. "You see, there was a rush on that day, when we did your order, and Janie, the girl who helps me, got a bit confused—she's very new at the job, and it could happen to anyone—and she—well, I'm afraid she got your card mixed up with someone else's. A Mr. Jimpson Jones."

"You were both sending roses, you see, and you both wanted to put the initial J at the end of the message. That's what confused

her. I've already had to explain to Mr. Jones what happened."

She winced at the memory. He guessed Mr. Jimpson Jones had not been too gentle about it. For a moment he wanted to wring Mr. Jones' neck, until he remembered that Jones, too, had had to put up with a wrong message sent to his lady friend.

"Tell me," he said, "what was on the Jones card, the one that was sent with my flowers?"

A faint blush pinked the girl's golden cheeks. "It—it was a proposal. Of marriage."

"So I have discovered," he told her grimly.

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*"Are you aware that you have probably ruined my entire life?"  
John asked the florist, almost shouting in his anger.*





"I want to know what beautiful, shy, romantic thing the blighter wrote to get such immediate and positive results!"

"Oh, dear," she said, crinkling her brow at him sympathetically. "Is that what you—the young lady said about it? But surely she realised there'd been a mistake, and . . ."

"The announcement," John said gloomily, "will probably be in tomorrow's papers. 'A marriage has been arranged . . . I suppose they ought to put, arranged by Miss So-and-So, who puts other people's notes in people's flowers!'"

Her chin came up. She said, with spirit: "I understand you're upset, Mr. Saunders, and of course I'll do whatever I can to put things right. But I didn't deliberately switch the cards, as you seem to think, and my name isn't So-and-So."

"I didn't think it was." He took another look at her and sighed. "I'm sorry I was rude," he said, "but it is a bit much, you know, to be told out of the blue that you've proposed to a girl you can't stand and been accepted by her, all just by sending an innocent bunch of flowers for her birthday. What is your name?"

"Sylvia Ford," she said, answering him as absently as John had asked. She looked at him and gave a sudden giggle, then stopped herself and reddened again, guiltily.

"I really am sorry," she said. "You must think me very heartless. Only I can't help thinking of what this girl of yours must have thought when she read that card. Especially since you can't stand her!"

Panic stirred in John again. "Look, I've got to know, Miss Ford. What was in this horrible message I'm supposed to have sent?"

She gave him a solemn look for a moment, then went to the back of the shop and returned carrying a large notebook. "This is a record of all the messages," she explained. "Just a moment. Here. Oh, dear, you're not going to like it, I'm afraid."

"I know I'm not," John said, steeling himself. "Read on." She peeped at him again,

## Continuing . . . Say It With Flowers

[from page 17]

her lips quivered as if she were going to giggle again, then she read, with perfect gravity: "Let these flowers tell you what is in my heart, for I dare not. O lovely lady, if you take these roses to you—take me, too, till death us do part. J."

John choked. "It's impossible! The fellow's raving mad! No one could have the nerve to send—and this is what Freda thought I'd written! Oh, my sainted aunt, how on earth am I going to talk my way out of that little billet-doux!"

"Mr. Jones was annoyed, too, by your 'Many happy returns' card," Sylvia Ford told him gravely. "You see, the lady is—well, she's at an age when she no longer wants to be reminded of birthdays at all."

John said gloomily, "I hope she marries him. It would serve him right. But what on earth am I going to do? I mean, I can't, I simply can't go along and tell Freda—and her mother, heaven help me—it was all a mistake, after she's read a piece of slush like that and actually believed it! She'd sue me for breach of promise or something, even if I could bring myself to break the news to her, which I can't."

"Is she really that sort of girl?" Sylvia Ford asked wonderingly. "I can never understand how a girl can have so little pride, can be so mean . . ."

"Freda doesn't care about pride," John said, flatly. "She only cares about getting a husband."

She leaned forward, gazing up at him earnestly. Even in the midst of his misery he couldn't help gazing back at her with definite approval.

"There must be some way of clearing this up," she said. "I feel so guilty about it all! I'm sure we can think of something, if we just put our heads together."

She stopped, her cheeks went pink again, and then she smiled encouragingly at him.

The astonishing thing was

that it really did encourage him, that smile. He was in just about the worst mess a man could possibly get himself into, but when Sylvia Ford looked at him like that, he felt an irrational optimism lightening his spirits.

"We must have a conference," he said briskly. "I've got to face Freda and her mum tonight, somehow. I'll stall, if I can, and meanwhile we must rack our brains and meet to compare notes and sort of plan our strategy."

"You don't have to," he added. "I was pretty raw when I came in here, but now that the shock's worn off I do see that it was just one of those mistakes anyone could make. And anyway I don't suppose you're really free to—meet me for a talk, are you? I mean, if you're engaged or anything like that . . ."

She was looking a bit startled, but also had a sort of sparkle in her eyes. She said, with a shy little laugh, "I'm not engaged or anything. And it's

nice of you to say I'm not responsible for the mistake, but I really am, and I do want to help, Mr. Saunders. Only—couldn't you really just tell them frankly what happened, and leave it at that?"

John thought of Freda, and Freda's mother, and shook his head firmly.

"Not if there's any other way, Miss Ford. I'm relying on some feminine wiles and so forth. Suppose I pick you up tomorrow evening?"

It was incredible, in view of all the trouble he was in, that he actually whistled all the way to Freda's house. But then, of course, realising where he was, he stopped abruptly.

Freda was waiting for him, all dazzling smile and triumphant glowing eyes, and so was her mother, a large, sharp-eyed woman who must have looked like Freda when she was young.

As soon as John went through the door, and they pounced on him, he knew he wouldn't be able to utter any one of the words he'd rehearsed; the words explaining it was all a mistake and he could never marry Freda

if he and she were locked up in the same cell for thirty-five years.

They started talking before he got his coat off, and they went on all through dinner and for an hour or two afterwards. Their subject was marriage—his and Freda's marriage. It was like one of those nightmares when you want to run and you can't move hand or foot, while all the time the Thing creeps closer and closer.

John sat and listened to them planning the wedding reception, the engagement party that would precede it, the trousseau Freda must have, where they would go for a honeymoon, what sort of home they would have—he sat and made occasional low moaning noises that they took for agreement.

When he left, shaking, after being coyly kissed by both his betrothed and his prospective mother-in-law, not a word of protest or explanation had yet passed his lips.

"Well, I couldn't!" he said wildly to Sylvia next evening—somehow he had started calling her Sylvia, and she was calling him John, but he never knew when it began—over the cosy little dinner he was giving her to aid her concentration on their problem. "No man could have broken into that—that shopping-list for brides-to-be with the news that it was all a mistake, a mirage. I'd never have got out of there alive!"

She nodded sympathetically. "I know what you mean. I've got an aunt who's always trying to matchmake for me, and—but never mind that now. We've got to think of something to get you out of this . . ."

John looked across at her with admiration and gratitude. She was the first girl he had ever met who didn't become a starchy-eyed imbecile at the mere mention of words like "wedding" and "trousseau." The last thing one would expect, looking at Sylvia, was brains; after all, beauty alone was a rare enough gift. But she had both.

Not enough, as it turned out, though, to produce anything really brilliant in the way of escapes for John.

He ought to be brutally rude to Freda, so that she'd have to break it off—as if a little thing like that would discourage a girl like Freda, he thought angrily.

He should tell her he had already promised his parents to marry someone else, a millionaire's daughter, in order to save the family estates. But Freda knew that John's family never had any estates and John knew that if he started any stories about millionaire's daughters she'd have the truth out of him in five minutes flat.

Another idea of Sylvia's was that he could leave town and stay under cover until Freda had found another victim; but when he pointed out that he had work to do and simply couldn't run off to some hide-away, Sylvia looked quite relieved . . .

When the conference at last broke up, they still hadn't worked out anything practical. John's only consoling thought was that he had another conference booked with Sylvia for the next evening. But the consolation was balanced by the memory that he also, earlier in the evening, had to face Freda again . . .

For a week or so things went on like that: terrifying sessions with Freda, when he tried vainly to hypnotise himself into having the courage to tell her the truth; soothing but still useless meetings with Sylvia, when they racked their brains to find some way out of the mess.

After a time, the meetings with Sylvia stopped being so soothing. After a very short while, in fact, John found himself feeling a new and very different sort of tension whenever he was with her, a sort of electric current inside him.

He often wondered, idly, what would happen if he kissed her; probably colored lights would start flashing all over him. So he didn't kiss her, after all.

One day Sylvia rang him up with a message. The following evening he was to take Freda to a certain restaurant, a place where one danced as well as

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 28, 1958



*Emerald sat lightly on the man's chest as the carpet wheeled away to the north-west, high above the minarets.*



# The cat and the carpet By H. Wake

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

NOW apart from one very small point, every fact in this story is true. All the events did not really happen at the same time, but, of course, that does not matter, as it is pure chance that they did not. No one puts much faith in chance any more, so it all goes to prove that even in these days there's a lot to be said for believing in fairies, as Colonel McNamarra did.

It all began when I bought the carpet early one morning in the foothills of the Djebel Esh Charq. Trooper O'Shea and I were having an early breakfast, and O'Shea was holding out that a reconnaissance would be better carried out on horseback than in a light truck. However, the regiment was now mechanised, so that was not to be.

O'Shea scratched his neck, sniffed, and straightened his bandolier — he would only wear web equipment when forced, and kept his leather with the same warm, rich glow as the bay troop horse which he had ridden, watered, and groomed for eight years.

"There's an ass nearby, sir," he said. "There'll be a wog coming with eggs for char."

I looked about, and round the bend of the

wadi came the ass, two large bundles were slung across its withers, and well back on its quarters sat an old man with a grey beard and calm eyes that seemed to look right into one's soul.

O'Shea fidgeted and said something about "a look like the sar'nt-major."

The old man smiled gently, raised his hand in the sign of greeting and blessing, and dismounted. He drank tea with us, quite unworried by Trooper O'Shea's belief that Arabic and Hindustani are one and the same thing, then he stood up, untied the bundles he had brought with him, and showed his carpets of woven goats' hair, striped in bright colors with an uneven pattern.

He did not ask a high price, and I liked them, so I bought one, though O'Shea thought that I should have driven a harder bargain. I paid the old man, and looked down at the carpet.

When I looked up again there was no sign of the ass or of its rider.

The sun was shoulder high, and it was time to move on. O'Shea picked up the carpet and began to fold it, and from force of habit he folded it the same way as a saddle blanket,

shaking out the wrinkles, then, unfolding it again, he stared hard at it and said:

"I think this will be a magic carpet that you've bought yourself, for the middle of it is bigger than it is at the outside."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Pick up the two corners at your end and pull it out tight," said O'Shea, doing the same with the other two corners. "Now you'll see how she bellies down in the middle while the edges are quite straight, and why should that be unless it's to stop the man who flies on her from falling off?"

He grinned and went on, "But there's only one thing wrong — you'll never be flying her yourself unless it's by trial and fault, because that old devil never told you the magic word; I said he put me in mind of the sar'nt-major." He stepped on to the middle of the rug and tried it with a stream of words, all of great power, but it seemed that none was magic.

Two years later things had changed, and the magic carpet was packed up in a saddle box with desert apple seeds to keep out the moth. Trooper O'Shea was in a base hospital, having machine-gun bullets from Sicily taken

out of his legs, and blarneying the night sister into giving him medicinal brandy, as he said that sleeping pills would give him the horrors, and one night about that time, but many miles away, I watched the drab silk canopy open above me and dangled by twenty-four thin cords over a moonlit plateau in the Apennines, hoping that there were no Germans waiting below and quite sure that the job in hand would go better if O'Shea could have been there, too.

The job started well enough, but later things went wrong, and before long I was sitting in a cell and being questioned by the Gestapo, who had much to say on the subject of "Anglo-American gangsters" and the like.

This state of things dragged on for many months, and at last the powers that be decided that I was dead. I believe the German authorities had come to much the same decision, but somehow they had never got around to doing anything about it.

In this way my kit, and the magic carpet with it, was collected from the regimental

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### Sanatogen

The PROTEIN  
Nerve Tonic

FS9/58

WHEN JOHN HAYWARD, a young New York bank executive, is accused of murdering NORA EVANS, a pretty red-haired girl whom he did not even know, he realises he has been cleverly framed. Police have also discovered that Nora Evans is an assumed name.

John thinks it possible that someone at the Harvard Club, where he had lunched that fatal Saturday afternoon, must have known he would be unable to account for his whereabouts between three and four o'clock as he had said he intended to walk slowly home. He recalls the club members there were AL CURTIS, PIT WOODSON, HANK ROBERTS, DICK STILL, and RUSS NORTON, the last having been a frequent escort of BARBARA PHILLIPS, the girl John hopes to marry and daughter of the vice-president of the bank.

Using the key John found in the pocket of a loud-patterned sports jacket put in his wardrobe, he and Barbara enter the apartment of the dead girl in hopes of finding his photograph still there. To their surprise it is and they can see it was taken while he was playing tennis, but he does not remember where. In the bedroom Barbara discovers that all the labels have been cut out of the girl's frocks. While searching for one that seems to have fallen from a green wool sheath, she hears sounds of a struggle in the living-room. John says someone turned off the lights, attacked him, and took the photograph. At that moment the two detectives GRADY and SHAPIRO come in and obviously do not believe the story of the intruder.

Barbara and John go to a frock shop where Barbara says she almost bought the same green frock last autumn. The saleswoman explains that the frocks, exclusive to the shop, were all sold to well-known customers and none was a red-haired girl, but adds that the out-of-town branch at Danbury also had stocked the same model. NOW READ ON:

Third instalment of our exciting serial

BY FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

# THE FACELESS ADVERSARY

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

WE must look very carefree, Barbara Phillips thought; we must look very young and gay, in a young, gay car in a bright spring world. It isn't—how did Grandfather Rickford use to phrase it? It isn't seemly. (So many things had not been, for Grandfather Rickford.) She felt, for almost the first time in her life, that something might be said for the point of view. A black sedan, with the windows closed—that would be seemly. Not this bright, sleek little car, skimming the parkways, with the top down. A day of grey rain; that would be seemly. Not this sunny day of spring, with each forsythia bush along the Hutchinson River Parkway itself a little sun; not this day, with the world dressed up for spring.

Beside her, John drove the Corvette. His face was set; he looked only at the road. Of course, he always drove with concentration. But usually he smiled as he drove—smiled at the road, and at the little car which skimmed it. Well, there was nothing to smile about. And yet, she thought again, we must, to people who look at us, look so carefree. Like a bright young couple in an advertisement.

For a moment, and as a kind of escape from the anxiety which rode with them, she thought of the young people, the boys and girls, and the elder people of distinction, who were photographed for such advertisements—advertisements for whiskies, and clothes, and automobiles, all of distinction. The boys and girls in the photographs were notably carefree, the elder, at the least, notably contented. And they were really people who earned their livings by being photographed: people who must often wonder if they would stay young enough and gay enough, or distinguished enough to go on earning.

"Russ Norton," John said, lifting his voice a little, because the rushing air tossed words away. "What sort is he?"

"Not mine," she said. "As it turned out. A little—" She paused for a word. "Well," she said, "devious. In a straightforward, Ivy League way. But it wasn't that so much. He was so very—sure of himself."

"And," he said, "of you."

"It was," she said, "rather like being something he'd invented. Oh—it would

have been. It didn't go far, John. There was no reason to drag things out."

He did not look away from the road. Even without looking at each other, she thought, we're beginning to hear things not actually said. By the time we've been married years—ten years, fifty years—we'll communicate entirely by osmosis. Which will be a little odd, but wonderful.

"I barely know him," John said. "He took it hard."

"Grimly," she said. "The stiff upper lip."

"Underneath?"

"Annoyed," she said. "But only partly because of me, I'm afraid. The rest because father has such a pleasant amount of money. But—he'd know that getting rid of you wouldn't make any difference. Not that kind of difference. Anyway, it's—"

She did not finish. He waited for her to finish. But then he said, "Preposterous, I know. But the whole thing is."

For some time then he merely drove the little car through the brightness of spring. They stopped and paid toll, and the man in the toll booth smiled at them. Because, she thought, we look so young and gay. They drove on.

"There has to be some reason," John said. "It won't ever seem good enough. Norton—of course it's preposterous. Hank Roberts? Because one of us will, maybe, be a vice-president some day, but not both, and the thinks, 'Better me than him.' That's preposterous. Al Curtis? I can't think of any reason, preposterous or not. Dick Still? It's the same thing."

He spoke with pauses; the wind tossed his words away. At times the needs of driving interrupted him. "They're the ones who might have known I couldn't account for Saturday afternoon," he said, and went around a slow-moving car. They were on the Merriett Parkway by then, shooting up and down hill on the wide, smooth pavement of that perilous highway.

He was told he had forgotten Mr. Woodson, and at that, for the first time, John laughed. It was brief laughter. "Because I took him out of a business double?" he said. "Or didn't respond to a four no-trump?"

After some time he added that none of it made sense. And then, sense or not, it had happened—was happening.

"The girl," he said, "and a green dress—that maybe she bought last summer. Maybe in Danbury."

"A place to start," she said. "If it's wrong, we'll find another."

They drove for some time in silence then. We haven't much, she thought; he's right, we haven't much. A green dress. The outline of a tree in the background of a photograph. And they have so much—a name on a cheque and laundry marks on shirts and a fat man who says, "Yes, that's Mr. Hayward."

(The car which followed closest was just such a black sedan as Barbara had thought would be more seemly than the small, bright Corvette. The car which followed the sedan was a several-year-old Jaguar, with the top up. But the Corvette followed many cars ahead; behind it, on the busy road, cars followed endlessly on. The stream of cars was without end or beginning. They reached the intersection with Route 7, and left the Parkway and went north. The black sedan turned behind them. So, but a considerable distance back, did the Jaguar.)

A little way beyond Ridgfield, having bypassed the village itself, John slowed the car and looked at the watch on his wrist. It was a little after one; they had not driven fast; it had taken time, after they had left Mme Jacques', to pick up John's car, to wheedle their way through city traffic.

"Lunch?" John said, and when she nodded he turned the car at a sign which read, "Fox Hill, an Inn." They climbed a winding road to a spreading building—a mansion of the past. They had a cocktail on a sweep of lawn, with what seemed half of Connecticut laid out before them. The trees were lacy with spring—spring seemed caught, a tinted haze on winter branches.

(The black sedan did not turn after them, but pulled in at a luncheon room on Route 7, almost opposite the inlet road to Fox Hill. The Jaguar slowed slightly, and then went on.)

It was after two when John found a parking space on Danbury's main street. They walked half a block to "Mme







Jacques." The Danbury shop was less reticent than its parent; there were several dresses in the window, and the door was uncurtained.

This time Barbara had the stock number of the green dress and its maker's name. But this time the dress was not remembered; this time Barbara Phillips was merely a girl in a spring dress (not from Mme. Jacques') in the company of a tall man who looked perfectly all right, but like everybody. So there was delay; there was a telephone call, for authorisation, to Madison Avenue. (After that there was much less reluctance and much busying among files.)

Only three of the dresses had been sold in Danbury. Two of them had been bought by known customers. But the third—a size ten, in green—had been sold for cash. The sales-girl shook her head. "I wasn't even here then," she said, but then she said, "Wait," and went into the rear of the shop. She came back with an older woman.

There had been discussion of an alteration, which the old lady had suggested, out of which she had been talked by the fitter and the girl.

"Wait," John said. He took from an envelope in his pocket the sketch of the dead girl, cut from the "World-Telegram and Sun." He showed it to the older woman. "Was this the girl?"

The woman looked at it; she held it so that the light fell on it. Finally, she shook her head slowly. "It's not much to go by," she said. "Anyway, it was a long time ago." She held the picture out, still shaking her head.

"Could be," she said. "But if she walked in here this moment I couldn't swear to anything. As for this—" She shrugged. John took the reproduced sketch. He put it back in the envelope.

"Did she have red hair?" Barbara asked.

The woman thought a moment. She said she thought perhaps she had had. She could not be sure. It was evident that she remembered the "old lady" more clearly—the old lady in her eighties, leaning on a cane; the old lady dressed in black, with sharp black eyes. She was thin and, although stooped, still tall—much taller than the girl.

Neither the old lady nor the girl had, so far as could be remembered, before-visited Mme. Jacques'. If names had been given—but there was no particular reason they should have been; the dress was carried away—they had long since been forgotten.

"But the girl might have had red hair,"

Barbara said on the sidewalk outside. "They shopped in Danbury."

Many people shop in Danbury; it is a small but busy city. It was not a needle in a haystack; it was a tiny end of string, projecting from a tangle, something to be pulled at. But it seemed to have slipped from their fingers.

They separated for the search, for the asking of questions of busy clerks; they met blank faces and shaking heads, and a reticence based on suspicion. Other clothing shops had at first seemed most likely, but half a dozen produced nothing. It was Barbara who suggested that, after such shops, drugstores should come next. Women in their eighties may be presumed to be often in need of medication.

There were many drugstores, and they went to the wrong ones first, and it was almost six when John, asking familiar questions of an elderly clerk in a small and sedate apothecary's (so termed) on a side street, was answered slowly, doubtfully, with the possibility that "it might be the old lady is Mrs. Piermont. Except, she lives pretty near over to Brewster. Shops there mostly, I guess."

But at long intervals, if something brought her to Danbury, old Mrs. Piermont came to the apothecary's shop; came for a proprietary no longer advertised, nor much stocked. Could be this was old Mrs. Piermont. A girl—once he had seen a girl. Or thought perhaps he had. At other times Mrs. Piermont had been alone.

Brewster, which is not far from Danbury, and in New York, is a village, with a main street and a railway station. They were late at Brewster. The post office, of which John had first thought, was closed. They tried one or two drugstores. They were trying to find a Mrs. Piermont, John told a quick, dry, small man at the prescription counter. "Old Mrs. Piermont?" the man said. Then he added, "Not that there's a young Mrs. Piermont. Lives up on Ridge Hill. Lived there a hundred years, more or less."

"Less, surely," Barbara said, and was laughed with, was told "not a lot less." Somewhat hastily, the small, quick man added that Mrs. Piermont was a great old girl, and then, by way of correction, that she was a mighty fine old lady. Then he waited with curiosity.

"A friend of my grandfather's," Barbara said. "Isn't there a girl lives with her? A red-haired girl?"

*"Now don't come back!" the old man said menacingly to Barbara and John. "That's plain enough English for you, isn't it?"*

"The Titus girl," the druggist said. "I had'd be the one. Right pretty, considering."

They waited. He did not amplify.

"Ridge Hill?" John said. "How do we get there?"

They were told. They went back for a mile or two on Route 6, turned right on Ridge Road, turned off Ridge Road again, to the right at a white house, climbed a hill, and turned right once more. A dirt road, that would be, but ought to be all right now. Two weeks ago—but it wasn't two weeks ago. Dry enough now.

Reached, it was dry enough—narrow and

tortuous, but the little car was nimble. A driveway finally led to the left, opposite a small mailbox marked simply "Piermont." Partially, through close-growing trees, they could see, several hundred feet back from the road, a large, grey-painted house.

Much more clearly, and closer, they could see a heavy chain across the driveway. John pulled the car to the side of the road. He got out and examined the chain. One end was fixed to a ring in a metal post; the other padlocked to a similar post. But, on the

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suitable for framing, write to  
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## Cadbury Quality Chocolates



# The Telegram

A short short story

By  
EDWARD PRICE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THE old man owned the store. He sat at a knocked-together desk on a platform raised about two feet above the floor beside the candy counter and the cash register. He wished the insects would stop batting against the glass and would join the litter of dead ones in the dusty window bay.

There was no business these summer afternoons; he did not expect or want it; he was completely satisfied with the lack of it.

The summer people came and did their business, bought their groceries and stuff in the morning, went back to their cottages to swim and drink or dance until all hours. He didn't care what they did; he told himself he had lost interest in people a long time ago.

As he considered the insects in the window bay a car swung off the black tarred road and braked to a stop in the shadow of the building. It was a black-and-red convertible with the top folded back, and a blond girl and a dark-haired man were seated in it. He hoped that they didn't want petrol.

The girl sprang out and was up the four steps and into the store's gloom before his eyes could turn to follow her. She was short and slim and teenaged. Her blond hair made a bright spot of light; she had very blue eyes, he noticed, as she rushed to the counter.

She looked around in a kind of happy frenzy, the same kind of happy frenzy, the same kind of excitement bursting out of her all these young girls seemed to have.

"Where is it?" she cried. "Where is it? You've got a sign outside which says Western Union, but where is it? What you send messages with?"

"What we do, I take the message, I phone Western Union in Capital City. There's no charge for that, it's not on my bill. I give them the message and they tell me what it costs, plus tax. Then I collect the money from you."

He passed down a pad of telegraph forms and pencil, appreciating, as old people will, the burning life in her young blue eyes.

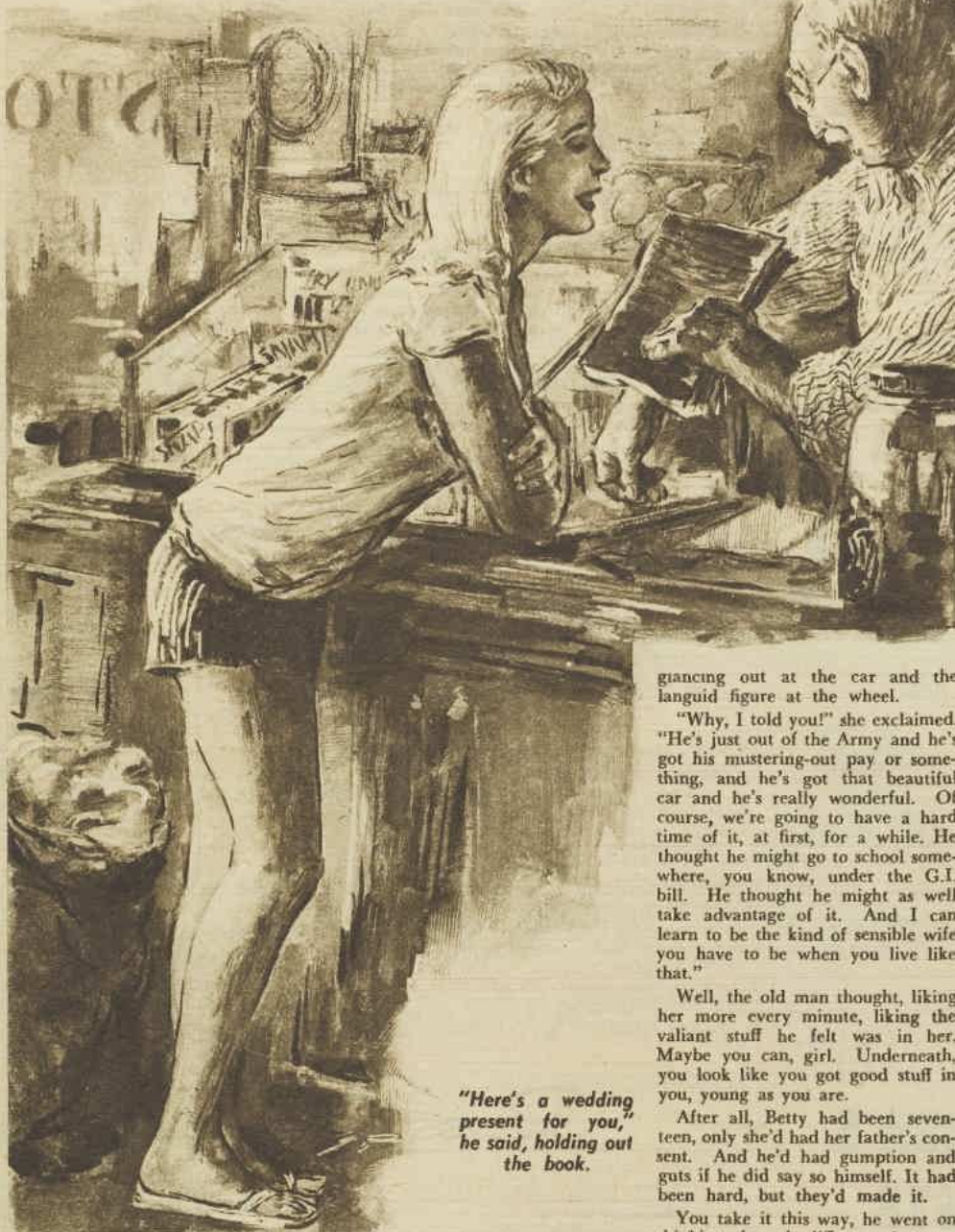
"It's to my father," she said. She seemed to consider chewing the bright red pencil and then realised suddenly that it was not hers. Thereupon she wrote with an inspired dash. "There," she said at last, pursing her lips and handing the pad back to him.

He put on his glasses and read, "Mr. Thomas R. Dunbarton, 24 Terrace Road, Newtonville, Mass. Will be home Tuesday. Decided to stay longer. Love. (Signed) Faith."

The old man said, "Looks all right. That's a pretty name, Faith." He did not approve of her get-up, but he was hardened to seeing it continually through the summer. Most women weren't suited to it, but she somehow was. His own private joke was that most women weren't suited to it, one weigh or another.

The line was busy; he hung up and told her so; the operator would call back. He smiled down at her and said, "You like it up here in our neck of the woods?"

"I don't know, I guess so," she said, smiling vaguely. And then, with a burst of words, "I just came up yesterday, just to stay overnight with some friends and go home this morning. But there was this fellow



"Here's a wedding present for you," he said, holding out the book.

visiting them, he's just finished his Army service, and we fell in love."

The old man said, "How's that, again? What did you say? You say you fell in love yesterday?"

"Oh, yes!" the girl said. "And we talked until three o'clock in the morning. And so now we're going to get married, only we have to wait five days, the law says, so we got out a licence. And we're going to a justice, only that will be next Tuesday, five days from now, and then we'll drive back to Newtonville, and then I'll tell Daddy. But I don't want him to know yet; I want to keep him from worrying."

She drew in a breath. "Because, you see, Mister, it's just like fate that I'll be eighteen, Monday. Don't you see how it's fate? I have an intuition, so I know it will be wonderful and it will work out beautifully."

She now threw in an aside, "He would have come in, only he said it was my business what I said to Daddy. But haven't you had an intuition that things would work out all right?"

Yes, the old man thought, I've had those intuitions time and again.

Only you forget the times they didn't work out, which was most of the time. He'd had those intuitions so many times over the course of the years that he knew they didn't mean a thing unless you considered them sensibly along with a few other things like principal and interest and second mortgages and so on.

Of course, a long, long time ago he'd had just that feeling when he first saw Betty, and that alone should prove that intuition can be a true thing.

"Why, yes, I have," he answered her, reserving his practical experience over a great number of years.

"You see?" she cried, happily, triumphantly. "Oh, I'm so glad I came in and can talk to you about it, because you don't know me and probably we'll never see each other again. I think I must have had an intuition to stop here. I felt I had to tell somebody sensible and I'm glad it was you. You seem to be so understanding."

Even such flattery, however sincere, did not affect the old man and had not for many years. "What does your intended do?" he asked,

glaucing out at the car and the languid figure at the wheel.

"Why, I told you!" she exclaimed. "He's just out of the Army and he's got his mustering-out pay or something, and he's got that beautiful car and he's really wonderful. Of course, we're going to have a hard time of it, at first, for a while. He thought he might go to school somewhere, you know, under the G.I. bill. He thought he might as well take advantage of it. And I can learn to be the kind of sensible wife you have to be when you live like that."

Well, the old man thought, liking her more every minute, liking the valiant stuff he felt was in her. Maybe you can, girl. Underneath, you look like you got good stuff in you, young as you are.

After all, Betty had been seventeen, only she'd had her father's consent. And he'd had gumption and guts if he did say so himself. It had been hard, but they'd made it.

You take it this way, he went on thinking, the only difference between then and now is the difference in horse-power. Then, horse-power was actually horses, not an engine like that throbbing brute outside.

He was pleased with his thinking, smiling down at her. Then the telephone rang and he gave the message to the girl in Capital City. He got the charge and the tax and wrote down some figures on the telegraph blank. He descended from his pulpit, and the girl paid, and he rang it up on the old cash register.

She asked almost tremulously, "What do you think? About what I'm doing, I mean?"

He knew better than to answer that, to advise. She was a bit like Betty, only more blond, of course, and Betty wouldn't have been outspoken to a stranger.

As he gave her her change he said, "Wait, now. You've got the rest of your life, so don't run off." He went into the backroom, a partitioned part of which was his only home now.

When he came back she said, "My boy-friend didn't want to come in. He said it was my own business what I wrote to Dad. He gets

quite impatient." It was a kind of apology, he saw, and the blast of the horn, loud and rending, pointed it out.

Now she said, almost as though reluctant to leave, "I've got to go." The old man had a book that he now brushed carefully with his shirt-sleeve. It was a bulging, misshapen old book and he held it out to her. "Here's a present," he said, "maybe your first wedding present."

"Oh, it is, it is!" she cried, delightedly, like a child. Her delight doubled the old man's pleasure in giving. She took the old book with its warped covers, opened it and turned pages. She looked up, puzzled. The pages held newspaper and magazine clippings, browned and yellowed with age, their edges flaking. "But—but what is it?"

"My Betty's recipe book," he told her with pride. "Years and years she collected 'em. All tried and true, too; she was a good cook. Economical, too, most of them; she tried 'em all. They'll be handy when you need to pare the cheese close to the rind, as we used to say."

"You're a dear," she said, gravely. She held the old book close to her. "Thank you," she said, "thank you for everything," and she went out to her young man and his car.

The old man watched them for a moment; they seemed to be having words; that young fellow had a nasty temper, it seemed. The car started slowly away, the couple still arguing. The old man went to the door, then went down the steps and across the gravel to the middle of the black road, looked down the road at the receding car.

They had almost reached the turn when he saw the man's hand reach across, grab at something, and then swing in an arc. Pages fluttering, the book looped across the road into the ditch, and the car accelerated. And in the still air of the quiet afternoon he heard the girl's faint cry of protest and dismay.

The old man spat on to the hot black road and moved slowly back to the store. He picked up the telegraph blank and stared at the figures he had scrawled, the charges, the tax, the licence number of the car.

"I want Information," he said, and, after a while, "I want to talk with Mr. Thomas Dunbarton, 24 Terrace Road, Newtonville, Mass. Tell him it's pretty important, about his daughter." Then, not in the least as an afterthought, he said, "Collect, o' course."

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## Australian silverware makers recommend Silvo for your silver...

There is nothing safer than Silvo to bring out the full beauty of your silver, and polishing with Silvo is so much quicker, so much easier—you use Silvo straight from the tin. Just a gentle rub with Silvo will bring back that rich lustre that all silver should have. So let Silvo care for your silver.



Illustrated: Salt and pepper shaker by Goldcraft, entire dish by Heworth, and ice bucket by Kemman. They recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.



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"Ogilvie just can't bear to miss a whiff of that Lipton's aroma."

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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I HAVE recently read an article that advocated rock-'n-roll being introduced in sacred music. Just what is the matter with present-day church singing? Will rock-'n-roll sung in churches save souls? I would not care to listen to beautiful hymns sung to a jive beat. If the youngsters like rock-'n-roll, let them have it—but certainly not in church, combined with sacred songs.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. P. Esler, R.M.B. 263, Tuckombil, via Alstonville, N.S.W.

ISN'T it about time some enterprising person or firm began to publish good-quality, true-to-color picture postcards of the thousands of Australian beauty spots? All you can find are glossy black-and-white postcards, often sadly out of date, or over-colored folders. Neither comes anywhere near the standard of the attractive postcards from overseas.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Trevena, Box 60, East Melbourne.

ALTHOUGH she does not know why, I gave my telephonist a rise recently. Making a call from home, I absent-mindedly dialled the office number instead of the number I intended to call. The girl did not recognise my voice, but most courteously informed me of my error, asked whom I wanted, and looked up the number for me. I was pleased by this efficiency. It deserved reward.

10/6 to Rex Smyth, Box 14, P.O., Nunawading, Vic.

WHY are we elderly folk regarded with pitying contempt by so many of the younger generation because we are forced by age or infirmity to apply for the age or invalid pension? They forget we received no child endowment, baby bonus, free medicine, or widows' pension. I worked to provide for and educate my children without any Government assistance when I was widowed. The price I paid was broken health, and now I am "just a pensioner."

10/6 to "Grandmother" (name supplied), Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

IN these days of so much crime, why do people go on holidays without making some arrangements with tradespeople? A collection of newspapers and milk bottles decorating the front lawn just advertises the fact that the occupants are away.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Gall, Campbell Town, Tas.

IMMEDIATELY winter descends upon us, people don clothes of gloom to match the season. Dull browns, thunder-cloud greys, and blacks become the fashion, and when it rains most people make themselves look like crumpled paper parcels in grey plastic coats. The human race should try to rise above this tendency to take on the color of its environment and brighten up the season with a dash of color.

10/6 to Miss Irene Smith, 1 Norman Avenue, South Yarra, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

ARE men cleverer than women?

I have often heard arguments on this subject.

There was one lately between Cec McGoon and his wife, Dulcie.

"You'll admit men have produced more geniuses than women," said Cec. "Look at Shakespeare and Einstein and — er — what's-his-name, the chap who invented the tote."

"Only because men haven't given women a chance to show their abilities," snapped Dulcie. "Women have plenty of brains. Look at Madame Curie."

"That's right, drag in Madame Curie! She's the only ace in your pack. I'm sick and tired of the old girl. And I don't believe she looked like Greer Garson, either."

"Now you're losing your temper. It's no good trying to argue with you..."

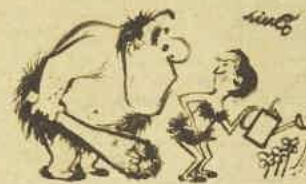
Yesterday, by chance, I came across something that would provide first-rate ammunition for the ladies in this kind of debate.

It's in the book *What Happened in History*, by the late Professor Gordon Childe, who was an authority on prehistoric man.

### SMART GIRLS

Professor Childe says that most of the great inventions which first made civilisation possible were probably the work of women.

In the Stone Age men did the hunting while women had the job of gathering plants that could be used as food. Australian aborigines,



in their wild state, still have this arrangement.

At some time or other a few bright Stone Age girls had the idea of planting grain and growing it, instead of wandering about and looking for it.

The men, no doubt, regarded this activity as cissy. They were busy chasing wild animals and trying to

show that they were manly little fellows.

But the planting trick, later known as agriculture, which women discovered, changed the history of the human race.

It increased the food supply so that some people were able to live in towns, open shops, and give parties.

Professor Childe also gives women credit for discovering how to make pottery, spin thread, and weave cloth.

I told Dulcie McGoon these things. So her next argument with her husband on the subject will probably go like this:

"Anyhow, Cec, women invented agriculture."

"They what?"

"Invented agriculture. They did it in the Stone Age."

"How do you know? You're no chicken, but you weren't alive in the Stone Age."

"Well, a professor says they did."

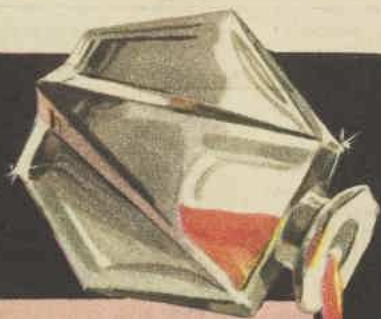
"I've never heard such tommy-rot in my life!"

"Now you're losing your temper. It's no good trying to argue with you..."



*Introducing the lavish, luxurious*

# new pink Cashmere Bouquet



*scented with  
rare, costly  
French perfumes*

*... rich with  
beauty-giving creams*



Cashmere  
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For you . . .  
New gleaming  
pink and silver foil  
wrapper seals in the  
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Now you can enjoy all the luxurious beauty benefits of Cashmere Bouquet in either the pure white cake in the familiar flowered wrapper or the new pearl pink cake in gleaming pink and silver foil. Both give you the

same exquisite fragrance and the caress of a unique creamy formula to complete your personal beauty care. Whether you use pink or white . . . you can see your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap.

*yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!*



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leaves your hair shining clean  
silken smooth and easy to manage

Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer, brighter after using new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up this elegant new bottle and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils... in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start today and beautify with gentle, one-lather Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



ONE lather gives  
thorough cleansing

LARGE SIZE 5/3  
REGULAR 3/3



Keep your hair gloriously soft and clean  
wherever you go. Take this handy travel bubble. . . . . 1/3

U148A

### FOR TEENAGERS

## Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Statistics give 23.3 years as the average age at which Australian girls marry. Ignoring the .3, and even allowing a couple of years on the young side of 23 for good measure, 16 is still too young for most girls to imagine they have met the one big romantic interest of their lives.

THREE letters in my mail this week are from one teenager. The idea is the same; only the phrasing is different.

She writes:

"Three weeks ago a 19-year-old boy asked me out and we had a wonderful time. In fact, I have never enjoyed myself so much. During that week we met three more times. The next week he came to see me twice and we went out for a day, after which he came home for dinner. When he left he said he would see me again. That was a week ago and I haven't heard from him. I'm crazy about him. What will I do?"

"Fan," Vic.

You have given the youth only a week's grace. Perhaps he had to go out of town without being able to let you know.

I'm afraid that your role is to wait. Calling you is the young man's privilege.

While you are waiting, however, here's a word of commonsense. At 16, being "crazy" about a boy you have known for two weeks is quite a common reaction, but a very youthful one.

Try not to let it get out of perspective. You enjoyed the outings, you like the boy. But won't there be a lot more outings, several more boys you will like, before you reach the 23 years statistics give as the average age for marriage?

I hope so, for your sake. And should the young man ask you out again, try to see him as someone whose company you enjoy.

Forget being "crazy" about him. If you think about it you will realise how silly it sounds.

Don't rush into emotionalism. Take life gradually and you'll find that every month



### A word from Debbie . . .

If you think your friends are tired of looking at your face, startle them with a beauty spot.

A beauty spot adds to evening glamor—if you have a clear skin—and makes a good conversation piece.

To achieve it, make a little dot with an eyebrow pencil close to the best feature of your face. The dot automatically draws the eye to where you want it.

However, it needs some experiment before you launch it on your public. Don't go out looking as if you had a dirty spot on your face, or as if you were starting to use make-up like a clown.

Now a hint to help you care for a stiff nylon slip—whether you plan to put it away for next summer's wear or keep it in your wardrobe to puff out full winter party frocks.

When washing your slip, never squeeze or wring it. Rinse it up and down in soapy, then clear, water. To dry, shake lightly and spread over a clean, opened umbrella.

will give you new poise and maturity to cope with living.

"I AM going to have a child to a man who did not tell me he was married until I was three months pregnant. He said he was sorry and if I liked I could go away and live with him. As I thought one mistake in my life was enough, I broke off with him. I'm afraid my mother, who lives in a different part of the State, would turn me out if she knew. Is there in Brisbane a home I could go to?"

"Waiting," Qld.

There are two excellent homes in Brisbane where you will receive every care.

They are the St. Mary's Church of England Home, Bent Street, Toowong, and the Holy Cross Home, conducted by the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, at Chalk Street, Woolloowin.

Girls of all religions are welcomed at each, and you

will be given sympathetic understanding and help at whichever you choose.

Contact either the Matron of the St. Mary's Home or the Mother Superior of the Holy Cross Home at once.

Tell your mother. She will know eventually.

Mothers are always much happier to know first-hand their daughters' troubles, and no problem is too big for them to face. I think it would help you and your mother both if you told her now.

"I AM a comptometer operator and will be 18 in July. I would like to join the W.R.A.A.F. Could you tell me where to write for information?"

"E.H." N.S.W.

Address your queries to the Recruiting Officer, R.A.A.F., Beach Road, Edgecliff, N.S.W. He will supply all the information you want.

### \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

WITH so many long-playing albums being so haphazardly named these days, it was quite a change to come across one that lived up to its title—"Black Satin" (T.858).

This very elegant production comes from George Shearing's Quintet, with orchestral backing. For smooth, sleek music this blind pianist is very hard to beat.

The arrangements, which are most interesting, modern without being too much on the "cool" side, are by Shearing and Billy May.

Two of Shearing's own compositions are featured—the title tune and "Let's Live Again." It's also nice to hear "Folks Who Live On The Hill," by Jerome Kern and Hammerstein, a charmer sadly overlooked in recent years.

Other tasteful tunes by big-name songsmiths are "One

Morning in May" (Carmichael), "As Long As I Live" (Arlen), and "If I Should Lose You" (Robin and Rainger).

To add piquancy to the disc, "If I Should Lose You," "Black Satin," and "Nothing Ever Changes My Love For You" are given a subtle Latin-style treatment. To sum up: A well-chosen selection of unhackneyed items in the inimitable Shearing manner.

BY contrast, the next LP on my turntable sounded oddly dated. It was "They Say It's Wonderful" (330SX-7570), a programme by Fred Hartley and His Music, and it took me right back to the pre-war era of Carroll Gibbons.

But at least you do hear the melody, and that's a lot in its favor unless you're an extreme modernist.

Hartley, a radio veteran, alternates his time between the B.B.C. and the A.B.C., and this 13-track record was made in Australia with his Australian group of musicians.

The platter offers a goodly selection of standards such as "Tenderly," "If I Loved You," "She's Funny That Way," "Sweet and Lovely," and the title song.

Since Fred Hartley spends a season each year in Sweden, he's in a position to give a very authentic and jolly version of "Swedish Rhapsody." He also plays one of his own compositions, a sprightly item titled "Leap Frog."

"Sousa On Strings" is a novelty—strings playing a military march—but my vote for the nicest track goes to that always lovely new jay "La Paloma."

—BERNARD FLETCHER



# PICK A MATE BY HANDWRITING

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter

● Do you want to know whether he—or she—is the right one?—or why your marriage failed?—or whether you can share a flat with a friend without fighting?—or whether you should change your job?

THERE are hundreds of ways of seeking the answers to these questions besides the time-honored system of trial and error.

One of the best, according to its exponents, is graphology—or the study of handwriting.

Graphologists have extended this study of writing to the point where they claim that they can read a person's character from the way he writes.

## "Reveals all"

Writing reveals all, they say—not by black magic but by science.

Cornelius de Bruin, who migrated from Holland to Perth in 1954, is one of the few graphologists practising in Australia.

He holds a certificate in graphology issued by the University of Leyden, Holland—one of the ten European universities which have established chairs of graphology.

Mr. de Bruin has developed a "marriage chart" which, he says, indicates the compatibility of two people who are contemplating marriage.

He gives marks for the degree in which the couple qualify for these ten virtues: Reliability, generosity, intelligence, kindness, unselfishness, adaptability, maturity, responsibility, sense of humor, and sincerity. Then he plots the results as a graph, with compatibility determined by the closeness of the two lines.

Did Mr. de Bruin make a graph of the handwriting of his good-looking young wife,

Tuus, an art student at the Perth Technical College, and did he compare it with his own? "But, of course," he said—and added diplomatically: "It is the best chart I have ever done."

The De Bruins are now happily married with a three-year-old son.

Mr. de Bruin believes that graphology is more effective in vocational guidance than many established tests.

"Handwriting," he says, "reflects the personality of the writer."

"It furnishes, more rapidly than any known psychological test, clues to conscious and subconscious motivation."

"A psycho-graphological analysis can reveal someone's exact capacities and leanings towards specific occupations."

"About 60 per cent. of Western European firms now employ permanent graphologists, who are highly paid."

Mr. de Bruin said the handwriting of migrants revealed whether they had become assimilated.

## Main features

"Those who are well-adjusted take on the Australian copybook characteristics," he said. "The others retain the foreign outlines."

"Many migrants have had their signatures queried by banks after they became assimilated."

Explaining his methods, Mr. de Bruin said there were 25 major features of handwriting, each of which must be studied before any could be correctly interpreted.



GRAPHOLOGIST Cornelius de Bruin and novelist-psychologist Mrs. Rix-Weaver discussing their plan to establish a society of handwriting experts in Australia.

These features included legibility, speed, slope, size, form of connections, regularity, rhythm, spacing, and pressure.

But he warned laymen against "popular books" on how to analyse handwriting. Years of study and experience were needed to do the job properly.

Mr. de Bruin is trying to get official recognition of graphologists in Australia, and is working on the constitution of a Graphological Society. In this he is being supported by Australian novelist Mrs. M. Rix-Weaver, of Perth, who practises as an analytical psychologist.

Mrs. Rix-Weaver has certificates of recognition of her work in graphology, including scientific work used in courts.

"There is no English diploma issued at the moment," she said, "in spite of the fact that it is generally acknowledged as a science."

On this page are specimens of the handwriting of eight people and their interpretation by Cornelius de Bruin.

Mevrouw Zelle.  
Mata Hari

MATA HARI was a middle-class Dutch woman, Mevrouw Zelle, before she became a famous dancer, notorious adventuress, and German spy. She was shot by the Allies in World War I.

Mr. de Bruin says the change in her signature (above) was a classic example of how a change in a person's character is reflected in a change in writing.

He says: "There is nothing unusual about Mrs. Zelle's signature, but her later Mata Hari signature is grotesque. We see the transformation of a somewhat firm Dutch woman into a dangerous person."

"The marked features of the second signature are: The size, the brutal powerfulness, the heavy black lines."

"This reveals an attempt to overcome a feeling of inferiority by inflating her ego, her desire to be the centre of attention. Intoxicated by her power, she craves for sensation. She becomes demonstrative and impulsive—an exhibitionist."

## ENGAGED

Mrs. C. W. Ade Bruin  
33 Dryden St.  
Boyswater (W.A.)

What can we  
shall I go

SPECIMENS of the writing of an engaged couple. The young man submitted them because they were having constant disagreements. He wanted to know the reason for the discord and whether it could be overcome.

THE GIRL'S writing (above) shows her to be a modern young woman, used to an independent, detached kind of life. She is introspective, dislikes social activities. The writing shows artistic gifts. Her sex desires are repressed and sublimated in her work. For the most part she controls her emotions, but there is a tendency to temperament.

A marriage between two people as far apart as these will be successful only if both are willing to make necessary adjustments and reach a sex understanding.

THE MAN'S writing gives a picture of a very different personality—an extrovert who loves company and hates to stay home. He is demonstrative and impulsive. He is conservative, less artistic. His world is the world of people; her world is the world of reflection. He wants to go out; she wants to stay home.

## DIVORCED

I have been  
given an amulet

If I say so  
attacked by her  
instantaneous

THE COUPLE who submitted these examples of their writing were so incompatible that their marriage ended in divorce.

THE WIFE'S writing (above) is that of an extremely introspective person. She is shy and modest, lacks vitality, and there is a complete absence of sensuality. She is never impulsive, acting only after reflection. She looks on marriage as something to provide financial and social security rather than as a satisfactory emotional union.

This is a case where the couple might have spared themselves unhappiness by discovering before marriage their fundamental incompatibility.

THE HUSBAND reveals the opposite characteristics—over-impulsive, quick-tempered. Originally attracted by his wife's modesty and reserve, he used the wrong psychological approach in his efforts to shake her out of her inertia. Instead of patiently drawing her out, little by little, he demanded an instantaneous change in her outlook.

## FRIENDS

an graphology in  
interest. I like  
personality and

was married  
beide

TWO GIRLS, an Australian and a German migrant, decided to share a flat. The Australian, uncertain about whether they would get along together, submitted a sample of her friend's writing (right) in German.

GRAPHOLOGIST De Bruin gave this analysis of the German girl's character:

She is tactful, companionable, and genial. She will not encroach upon her partner's private life.

Her interests definitely belong to the intellectual, not to the practical sphere.

As regards financial matters and binding

All these characteristics show her to be a desirable partner with whom to share a flat.

agreements, she is likely to behave with the utmost correctness, and will look upon her obligations not as an enforced and necessary evil but as something to which she is bound by her honor and self-respect. On the other hand, she is indulgent and ready to help should her partner unexpectedly find herself in financial difficulties. She would not relentlessly insist on her "bond."



# Fashions from London



● Oatmeal wool was chosen by Michael for this chic, easy-waisted suit (above). The jacket is shorter in front than at the back, and has an open neck finished with wide revers and collar. The beehive turban is matched to the suit.



● John Cavanagh's version of the baby-doll evening dress (above) made in camellia-pink net. The dress falls in layers from a straight-cut decolletage. The short-in-front skirt sweeps back in masses of filmy net, forming a train.

● The all-one-color ensemble is currently popular in London fashions. The theme is interpreted (right) by Michael in heavy tussore silk. The easy jacket and slender skirt are both front-buttoned, the jacket covers an over-blouse.

● The overall picture of the London collections shows perfection in day-time tailoring and imaginative designing in night-life fashions. Many evening dresses are made in diaphanous fabrics, and numbers of them have great swirling skirts. The London couture prescribes a shorter day-time hemline—at least 2in. shorter than last season. After dark, the dress with a short-in-front and long-at-back skirt has zoomed into popularity.







• Numbers of evening dresses in the Hardy Amies collection sweep up in front with much trailing back-fullness. This one (above) is made in parma-violet silk chiffon with a swathed, strapless bodice-top finished with a self-material cuff. The pointed shoes are in matching satin.



• Michael's slick little suit (above) is made in fine patterned worsted, and is lined with the same silk as the short over-blouse. The tall beehive hat picks up the color of the patterning in the suit fabric.



• Norman Hartnell designed the matched three-piece ensemble (right), consisting of skirt, topcoat, and over-blouse. The skirt and coat are in wool, the over-blouse is in fine crepe. A bunch of parma violets is slotted through a tab on the coat. The same flower is used for the cap.



# How to turn up a hem

● Most home-dressmakers will be taking up their hems, so here are some hints to help you do a professional job.

**B**EFORE turning up the hem, allow a new skirt to hang for at least three days—a week if it has a flared skirt—so that any stretchiness will drop out of bias seams.

When re-hemming, unpick the original hem and press out the crease.

Then mark the skirt-length. There are several ways to do this, the most successful being with the help of a friend.

If you have a helper, put on the garment with the foundations and shoes you plan to wear with it. Stand naturally, but still, on a table or bench top, head up, hands at sides.

Your helper can move around, marking the hem with the aid of a wooden yardstick (not a cloth tape measure) held at right-angles to the table top.

Marking pins should be stabbed straight into the material about an inch apart all around. Take the skirt off carefully, lay it flat, and bring the pinpoints through the material to meet the head of the next pin, giving a continuous line of pins all around.

To mark a hem without help, you can:

● Use a dressmaker's dummy made to your exact proportions.

● Buy a chalk and bulb hem marker.

● Rub chalk along a table edge.

In the last method, the table edge should be just below the hipline. Turn slowly against the chalk so that there is a ring around the skirt. Then measure down from the chalk mark to where you want the hem to be.

With the hemline marked, turn up all round, tacking as you go with silk thread. Pin the upper hem edge to the skirt, putting the pins in at right-angles to the hem. Try on and measure again. Correct any unevenness and press the hemline, avoiding the pins as these may mark the material.

Remove the pins and trim the hemline all round. Leave a turn-up of about two inches for a plain skirt and 1½ inches for a flared skirt.

Then, for all but a straight skirt, run a fine silk gathering thread along the top of the turn-up, using small stitches. Put the dress inside out on an

ironing-board and start pinning the hem as it lies on the board.

Draw up the silk thread to fit, arranging the gathers evenly wherever they are needed. Remove pins, then shrink out the gathers.

First place brown paper between the hem and the skirt, lay a damp cloth over the press-cloth or use a steam iron. Without pressure, let the steam shrink out the gathers.

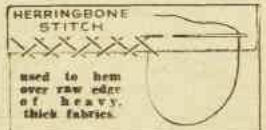
Next, tack and stitch ribbon seam binding to the gathered edge (use bias binding on very flared skirts). Tack and slip-stitch the top of the binding to the skirt. Remove tacking threads and press the finished hem.

Fine materials should be measured, the pin-line made as above and then trimmed, leaving about ¼ in. or less below the pin-line. This can be rolled and whip-stitched. (See diagram.)

If the material is stretchy, machine along the edge before whipping. Use this on organdie, nylon, voile, and other sheers or semi-sheers.

On heavy fabrics mark the pin-line, leave 2 to 2½ in. of turn-up unless the hem is curved, tack the turn-up into position, and hem the raw edge with a herringbone stitch. (See diagram.)

Do not pull the thread tight as this will show on the right side of the material.



# DRESS SENSE

● Betty Keep, our Fashion Editor, who is spending her leave in Paris and London, writes that the trapeze line is Paris' spring best-seller.

**I**N a recent letter she said:

The trapeze looks wide, although it falls against the figure in front. It is flattering, I think, for most shapes and sizes, but its construction inside and out — by Maison Dior — is perfection.

The inside foundation is equivalent to an engineering job. The front has two linings; back and sides are lined with taffeta, and then interlined; an extra band of lining bells out the hemline.

Inside all this is a silk slip with a torso fitted to the hips in front and attached at the neckline of the dress.

The torso is shaped by vertical seams under each side of the bosom and a horizontal dart between them.

Like Dior, Balenciaga's day and evening dresses are knee-high. But there's no showmanship about displaying his collection. Tourists are not encouraged, and it's difficult to get an invitation.

He has lots of chemise dresses. A good description of the line is a limp chemise with new details—bows under the bosom and bows and bands at the hemline.

His late-day dresses are floating around the body over a fitted chiffon foundation.

● Since Betty Keep went on leave, her Dress Sense mail has been full of requests for a simple chemise frock. Here is a chemise suitable for almost any daytime occasion. The pattern—D.S. 302—may be obtained by writing to Betty Keep, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54 in. material. Price 4/-



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## A GOOD DAY BEGINS WITH A GOOD BREAKFAST

BREAKFAST is not a meal to be skimped, because it has to be the source of a whole morning's energy! Nearly ten hours since the last bite, and lunchtime is still half a day away.

You must be in a good frame of mind to have a good day, and a good breakfast will definitely do that for you.

### The Most Popular Breakfast Dish

Of course, when we talk breakfast we talk eggs! Of all the foods imaginable which could be eaten for breakfast, they are universally most popular—but people are funny about eggs. There's no getting away from it; nothing can spoil a person's breakfast like eggs that aren't cooked just right according to personal taste.

Some like them boiled or poached really hard, some prefer them just lightly done. Others have tastes in between. But, whichever way a person likes them, they must be that way every time.

Boiling or poaching, eggs always cook at the temperature of boiling water—therefore the only way to control the hardness is to regulate the time. That's not always easy on a busy morning! Forget for a minute and eggs are soon overdone—and once an under-boiled egg is opened, or an under-poached egg is on the toast, it's too late to put it back for further cooking.

**BUT, NOW THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THIS PROBLEM**—with the new Sunbeam Automatic Egg Boiler and Poacher all the guesswork is eliminated!

### Just Measure the Water Instead of Watching the Clock

You simply put in the eggs, add a measured amount of water, and flick on the switch. Soon the water boils and the eggs cook in live, hot steam. When all the water's boiled away, "CLICK" goes the automatic thermostat, the power snaps off, and the eggs are done. The actual cooking time depends on the amount of water used.

Right on the lid of the egg cooker is an adjustable water measure of transparent plastic. Once you find the setting that cooks eggs the way you like them, stick to that setting. Automatically they'll be done the same way, time after time after time.

The Sunbeam Automatic Egg Boiler and Poacher holds up to six eggs in their shells, or poaches them three at a time in a special rack. This poaching rack can also be used for heating-up left-over vegetables, gravy, steaming small quantities of fish or warming babies' strained foods.

Figures show that the average person eats approximately 217 eggs each year and that adds up to a lot of time and effort, and many hundreds of pounds during each lifetime. Just think, for a few pounds you have the answer to breakfast-time troubles—so why not give yourself, and your family, a lifetime of happy breakfasts with the unique Sunbeam Automatic Egg Boiler and Poacher.

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...the genuine

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- 5 Automatic BEATER EJECTOR** Simple movement of the handle releases beaters after use for easier cleaning . . . no messy fingers!
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- 8 TWIN HEAT-RESISTING BOWLS** Large and small sizes supplied for convenient mixing of quantities from one egg to a complete Christmas cake.
- 9 BOWL-ADJUSTMENT LEVER** Operates easily with fingertip control. Alters beater position for using either large or small bowl.
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Prepares soups, gravies, sauces, sandwich fillings, pureed foods and mixes drinks perfectly.

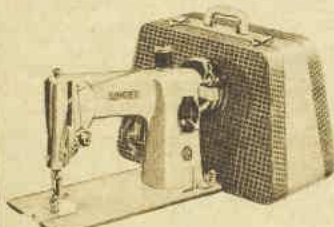
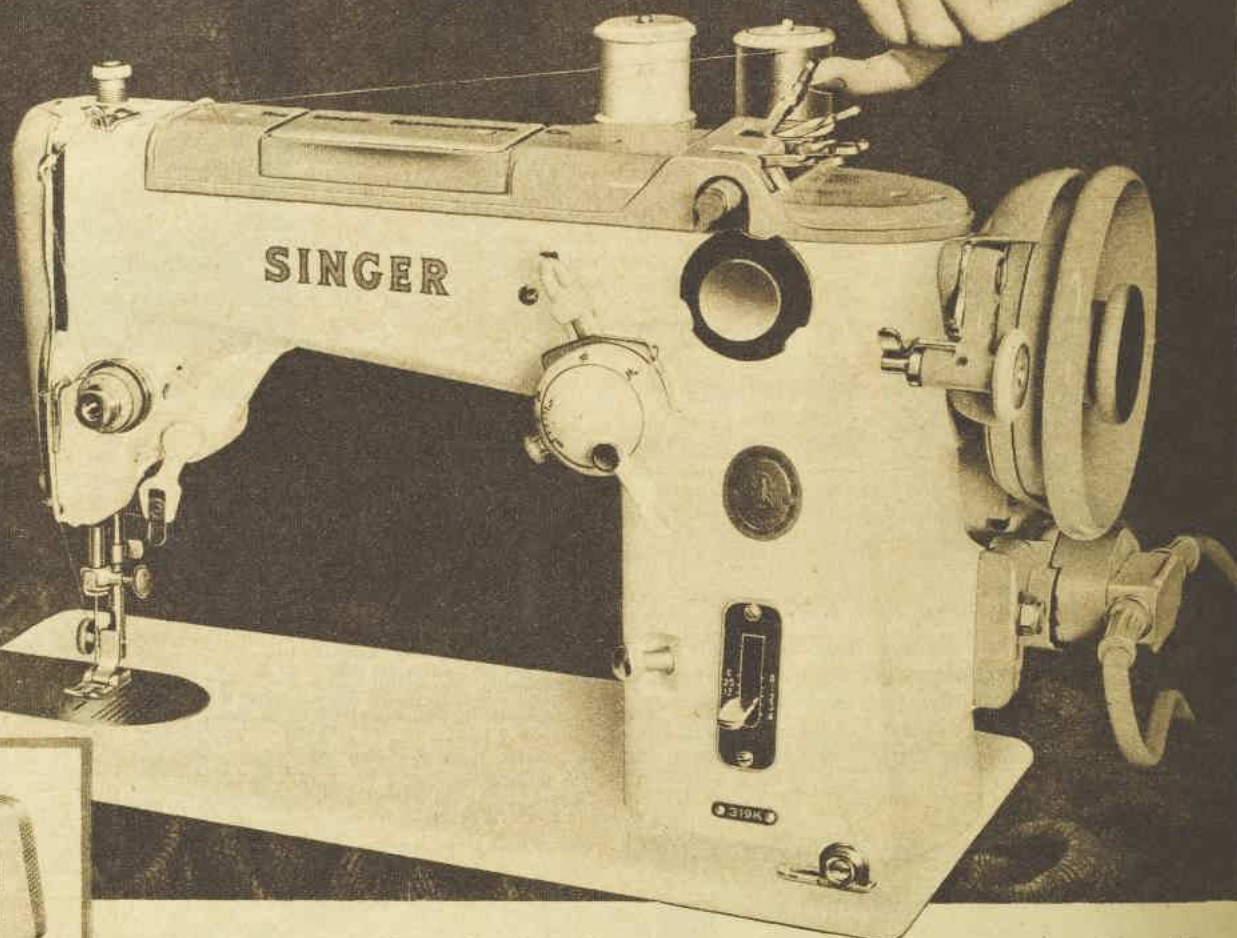


**Mincer  
Attachment**

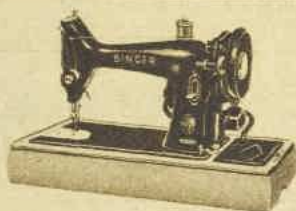
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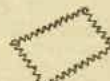
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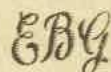
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# "MY PARTY SECRETS"—By



*Elsa Maxwell*

## The world's hostess-supreme concludes her best-seller—and the Duchess scores well

● "Let me introduce you to the man who killed Rasputin," Lady Emerald Cunard once announced to her guests at lunch. Not surprisingly, the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, who had indeed a hand in dispatching the old menace, turned on his heel and left.

NOT an instance of behaviour likely to make just anyone very popular as a hostess, yet such was the way of the woman who, shortly before the turn of the century, brought London society to its collective knee and kept it there for close to fifty years.

Lady Cunard loved to gather her lions together, lash them with the whip of her tongue, and watch them fight to the blood.

But her waspish and frequently cruel tongue did not lessen her effectiveness as a hostess. When she died in 1948 those who had known her, friends and enemies alike, remembered best that she had given them that most valued of gifts: a sense of excitement.

Probably the best-known of Lady Cunard's American contemporaries abroad was Lady Mendl, who, as Elsie de Wolfe, was the first of her sex to make a notable profession of interior decorating.

Her parties were masterpieces, her success being founded on the excellence of her food.

After perfect food, Elsie's three cardinal rules for a din-

ner party were: cold room, hot plates, and low table decorations (no one at Elsie's table ever had to peer through something seasonal to see who was facing him).

No one needs to be told that the party-table should be as appealing to the eye as possible, but doesn't have to be conventional. An out-of-the-ordinary touch to the setting or service puts the stamp of individuality on a hostess.

One of the nice individual touches the Duchess of Windsor gives her parties, for example, is to serve long, narrow loaves of French bread in baskets just the size of the loaf.

Another is the way she serves butter, in small, round, deep china jars, one to each guest.

The Duchess is unquestionably one of the most important hostesses in Paris, and she is an exemplary one. She knows food. She knows wines.

Her flowers are always wonderfully arranged, she now grows her own orchids, and she has a remarkable faculty for remembering individual tastes.

Too, she understands how to place her guests correctly. With her natural spirits and humor she is hard to equal as

a hostess. I don't say this in regard to large parties such as the ones I give, but her dinners are always perfect.

I always salute a good party-giver, and both the Duke of Windsor and the Duchess are very good at their special kind of entertaining.

Naturally, a good party isn't just an accident. When I entertain, I plan every least detail beforehand.

Start your party-planning with lists.

The first, of course, is the guest list.

Start your preparations as far ahead as possible. In the case of a very large party, allow yourself at least a month or six weeks. In the case of a small, at-home party, a full week ahead is none too soon.

The next list should be the menu.

If you are entertaining in a hotel or restaurant or club, select the menu with just as much care, if not freedom, as you would for a party at home.

### Menus matter

When your party is to be held at home, design the menu to fit the kitchen. Better to have simple, familiar dishes, excellently prepared, than to attempt the different just for the sake of it.

Always try to plan menus around dishes that may be prepared, or largely prepared, beforehand.

There is nothing more unsettling to a guest than the hostess who spends what should be that leisurely hour before dinner perched nervously on the edge of a chair, one eye on the clock, and poised to spring for the kitchen on an instant's notice.

Consider next the party setting—lighting, flowers, decorations, if any.

Be generous about your flowers, but not so generous that you have the place looking like the star's dressing-room on opening night.

Proper lighting is essential to a pleasant atmosphere.

To flatter, lights should be soft and placed to cast a glow roughly at head level. Anywhere from three to seven feet above the floor is a generally safe area.

Having put your house in order for your party, don't expect it to stay that way once things get under way. Accidents will happen, and if



A SOCIAL FEUD between Elsa Maxwell and the Duchess of Windsor was world famous. This shows them not long after they'd "made up" in 1957. From left are Elsa, Mrs. Robert Lehman, wife of an American banker, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

you're going to worry about something being spilled on the carpet, or a cigarette burn on a tabletop, then you shouldn't entertain.

Men in particular loathe this kind of vigilance.

Take what precautions are necessary in the way of coasters and ashtrays, and trust to the good manners of your guests for the rest.

For a seated dinner, decide in advance how you will seat your guests.

Always remember that your first duty as a hostess is to your guests, and that that duty begins at the door. Arriving guests must be made to feel instantly welcome.

First arrivals at your party, if they are not intimates, can create a little frost. Particularly when they arrive first into the pre-party hush are you likely to find yourself in need of an ice-breaker.

One way is to press one or two of your more lively friends into arriving early.

After dinner, after the guests have wine and dined, the rub begins. Novelty has worn off, conversation perhaps dwindled. Here is where the good hostess shows her stuff.

Plan some diversion to carry the party into the evening, but be prepared to scuttle the best-laid plan if you find, when the time comes, that it must be forced on unwilling guests.

If, for instance, it is the kind of dinner party to which the Duchess of Argyll invited me recently in England, where the guests were all people of wit and originality, then the evening will fly, as that one did, on the wings of words alone.

It would be madness to interrupt such a gathering simply because you'd got it

into your head that nothing would do but charades.

When you force guests to play games or do anything else just because you've planned it, it is the end of an evening. If your guests are happy, leave them to it.

Music is the greatest unbender in the world, more so than anything that ever came out of a bottle, and music injected into a party at the right time, in the right place, and in the right way is a sure cure for any stiffness that may have crept into the proceedings.

Whatever the musical talent you provide in the way of entertainment, do be sure it is talent.

At the risk of rousing the spleen of proud mamas and papas the world over, one plea I must make in regard to home entertainment is the heartfelt one that you do, for heaven's sake, leave the children out of it. With few exceptions, even the best of the home-bred variety of child-entertainers are pure poison.

### Bores are bad

Bores are one species of bad guest I seldom, if ever, have at my parties.

What is a bore?

Maxwell definition: A vacuum-cleaner of society, sucking up everything and giving nothing.

Bores talk too much, or not at all.

At a party, seat all your bores at one table. Never sacrifice one good guest to them.

Gossip can scarcely be condemned as a party-killer: indeed, good, clever, amusing gossip is the lifeblood of any party.

But gossip of another sort, mean, corrosive, character-destroying gossip, should never

be tolerated by a hostess. I love a good gossip myself, so long as it is honest and fair, but plain scandalmongery leaves an unpleasant and lingering after-effect.

If your party plans include cards or other games, be sure you have ready and at hand all the necessary paraphernalia.

My own preference in games is bridge. After that, poker. Canasta I go along with, though not very gladly.

As a matter of fact, I'm not at all bad at any card game, a fact I put down to a piece of advice given me years ago.

"Always play for more than you can afford to lose," Winston Churchill once told me during a session of six-card bezique at Maxine Elliott's. "That is the only way to learn."

Always plan to keep the day of the party to yourself. Schedule your afternoon, if it is humanly possible, to include a nap.

Be dressed and ready for your guests at least half an hour before they are due.

If your nerves are a bit edgy, you can use this time to advantage by soothing them with a final, reassuring survey of the premises. Or, if you wish, by a still more direct method—with a good drink.

Tranquillise as you will.

One task only remains to be done in this final hour before the party, and that is to air the rooms thoroughly. Always receive your guests in a cool, freshly ventilated room, one from which all stuffiness and cooking odors have been cleared.

This done, sit down and relax.

If you have prepared well there is nothing more you can do. Except enjoy your party.



IN PARIS, Elsa poses in the extravagant costume of a cabaret singer which she wore to a society gala night.



**NEWS!**

**FOR THOSE  
WHO CANNOT  
TAKE ASPIRIN**



**Pain Relief Without  
Stomach Upset**

Yes, science has provided a new single answer to how pain can be relieved faster, without stomach upset. It's Nyal DOLAMIN, a genuinely new analgesic, which is naturally accepted by the body—chemically ready to work instantly, without stomach irritation. Nyal DOLAMIN Tablets give rapid relief from the pain of headaches, backaches, colds, neuralgia, sinusitis, sciatica and rheumatism. 36 tablets 4/6.

**Nyal DOLAMIN**

**NO aspirin • NO phenacetin • NO caffeine**



*next time  
you 'change' Baby...  
change to  
**Nyal  
BABY POWDER***

... because NYAL Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest Baby Powder you could ever use. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus prevents chafing. The moisture resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. NYAL Baby Powder is velvety-smooth; pleasantly perfumed; and mildly deodorant. Helps keep baby fresh and sweet. So next time YOU "change" baby ... change to NYAL Baby Powder. Regular, 2/5 and Giant Economy Size, 4/9.

**Nyal BABY POWDER**



**Soothing Relief from Cold Sores**

Stop the burning and itching of cold sores NOW! Discover for yourself how quickly Nyal Cold Sore Cream brings soothing relief from this irritating and painful condition. Nyal Cold Sore Cream soothes irritation—heals quickly because it is specially medicated—and antiseptic. The so s-m-a-o-t-h cream keeps the lips soft, supple, whilst it heals. (If you prefer to "dry up" the cold sore, use Nyal Cold Sore Lotion.) Keep Nyal Cold Sore Cream handy. Cream or Lotion, 2/9.

**Nyal COLD SORE CREAM**

# Positive Relief FROM COUGHING

## Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

**Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir  
Brings "Feelable" Relief in Minutes**

When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion make life a misery, remember you can fight colds more effectively with scientifically formulated Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings positive relief from coughing because it treats all symptoms.

**Here's the Secret**

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a balanced formulation of ten medically proven, active ingredients. That's why 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir acts so much quicker. Its three-way decongestive, expectorant, sedative action clears heavily congested bronchial tubes; stops harmful coughing; allows the patient to breathe deeply. So, when coughs "hit" your family, take your chemist's advice — give Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir, Australia's biggest-selling cough formulation.

Use 'DECONGESTANT' to relieve coughing associated with all these conditions

Coughs of Colds	Whooping Cough
Nocturnal Coughing	Bronchitis and
Influenza	Allergic Bronchitis
Tracheitis	Chest Colds
Pharyngitis	Laryngitis
Croup	Distress of Asthma
and other conditions involving congestion of the respiratory tract.	

**There's A Dosage For All Ages**  
There are three pleasantly flavoured formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages.

**INFANTS:** Six months to five years — NYAL 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir — 3 fl. oz., 4/-; 6 fl. oz., 5/9

**CHILDREN:** Five years to twelve years — NYAL 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir — 6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3

**ADULTS AND CHILDREN:** Over 12 years — NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir — 6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3

**Nyal 'DECONGESANT' Cough Elixir**



# Glamor ball planned for "Bride of the Year"

The name of the lucky winner of the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly dated August 20.

ON August 13, in Sydney's Trocadero ballroom, amid all the glamor and excitement of the Red Cross Ball, she will receive the wonderful prizes offered to the "Bride of the Year."

She will receive a Qantas travel folder containing flight tickets and itinerary for the winning candidate and her husband to fly around the world by Qantas Super G Constellation; and from Ampol Petroleum Ltd. a cheque for £1000—spending money for the trip.

Winners from other States and the Australian Capital Territory will come to Sydney for the ball.

The patron of the Quest, the Governor of N.S.W., Lieutenant-General Sir Eric Woodward, will attend.

The "Bride of the Year" will be presented to the Governor.

## Guests of honor

State and A.C.T. winners will receive booking notices, etc., for their holidays at Surfers' Paradise.

The Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce has planned a wonderful welcome for these brides and their husbands when they arrive on the Gold Coast in October.

The winners will be guests of honor at a civic reception and a gala ball, and Chamber of Commerce representatives will entertain them until they finally leave in decorated cars on November 8.

The closing date for the Quest is June 30.

Any girl who is a natural-born or naturalised Australian or a British subject resident in Australia, married between June 1, 1957, and June 1, 1958, is eligible to enter the Quest.

The "Bride of the Year" will be the girl who raises the most money for Red Cross.

The other prizes—honeymoons on the Gold Coast—will be won by the girls (other than the first prize winner) who raise the greatest sum of money in each State and in the Australian Capital Territory.

Latest girls to enter the Quest are Mrs. Tom Thornton, of Surfers' Paradise, and Mrs. John Metcalfe, of Cremorne Point, N.S.W.

Blond, blue-eyed, and 22, Mrs. Thornton (formerly Bernadette Edwards) is sponsored in the Quest by a group of Gold Coast businessmen.

Bernadette, who was born in Cairns and educated at Southport, was a hairdresser before her marriage last October.

An art union—1st prize a Volkswagen car—is the first project in Mrs. John Metcalfe's fund-raising programme.

Formerly Barbara Porter, a nurse at Sydney's Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Mrs. Metcalfe and her husband are busy settling into a new flat at Cremorne Point.

For entry forms and all inquiries, write to the Red Cross in your State.

The addresses appeared in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



ENTERPRISING BUSINESSMEN of Surfers' Paradise, Qld., are sponsoring pretty Mrs. Tom Thornton in the "Bride of the Year" Quest. They will hold a "Winter Fiesta" in Surfers' Paradise next month to help her to raise funds.

## Design your color for cash

● Our £1500 Color Scheme Contest closes on June 9, so if you haven't yet sent in your entry, hurry and send one today.

IF you have already entered, send in another one or two entries before the contest closes.

Everyone is eligible to enter this simple contest to help the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest.

Fabulous prizes to be won are £1000 1st Prize, £200 2nd Prize, £50 3rd prize, £100 in consolation prizes (three of £20, four of £10), and three more £10 progress prizes.

This week's £10 progress prize goes to Victoria—to Miss I. Terdich, of Kew.

Here again are the details on how to enter this interesting, easy competition.

Choose color schemes for a lounge-room (14ft. x 20ft.), a kitchen, and a bathroom.

Colors required are for:

**LOUNGE:** Ceiling, walls, floor coverings, curtains, furnishings.

**KITCHEN:** Ceiling, walls, cupboards, floor, main equipment (stove, refrigerator, etc.).

**BATHROOM:** Ceiling, walls, floor, main fittings (bath, basin, etc.).

Colors must be illustrated with samples cut from advertising or editorial pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, using any one or more of the issues dated February 19 and subsequent issues up to that dated June 11.

You may give as much detail as you wish, but the only essentials are those above.

The page number and date of the issue from which the sample is cut must be shown.

Every entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon and 1/- in stamps or postal notes for the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

In judging, consideration will be given to attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

This contest and the "Bride of the Year" Quest are governed by the rules as published in our February 19 issue.

## ENTRY COUPON

COLOR SCHEME CONTEST,  
Box 7052 R.C., G.P.O.,  
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name ..... BLOCK LETTERS

Address .....

I enclose 1/- entry fee to support \* .....  
a candidate in the Red Cross "Bride" Quest.

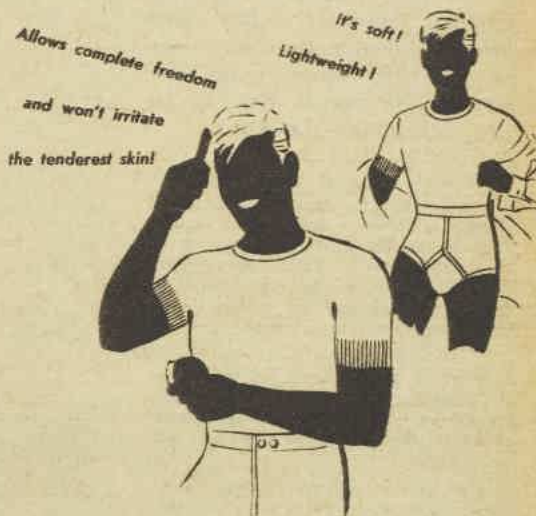
\* If you do not name a candidate the entry fee will go to a common fund to be divided equally among all candidates.

it's got everything men want

MORLEY

*Velnit*  
(REG.)

MORLEY "Velnit" Underwear is easiest of all to launder, stands repeated washing and won't shrink. Lasts longest, too! Once men wear it they prefer MORLEY "Velnit" always



Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

M 73

Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.



Baby  
Photographs  
well...

He's so completely unself-conscious that any amateur can take a good picture of him. He'll grow more interesting each day, so keep a record for the little rascal for the day when he grows up and says, "Mum, what was I like when I was a baby?"

PLASTIC PANTIES should not be worn constantly by any baby, but are a "must" for special occasions. Make sure you buy panties that fit snugly around

the legs or they'll be next to useless. Don't leave him in them too long or he'll become damp and uncomfortable with perspiration.

**TAKE YOUR BABY OFF STRAINED FOODS** before he becomes too fond of their smooth texture, or he'll have trouble perhaps with swallowing coarser foods. Heinz make an extensive range of Junior Foods, some in the same flavours as the Baby Foods, but diced or finely minced in a more "grown-up" consistency.

**HEINZ**  
Baby Foods

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings, for young and older babies.



"BRIDE OF THE YEAR" candidate Mrs. John Metcalfe, of Cremorne Point, N.S.W., is sponsored by the North Sydney Community Committee, headed by the Mayor of North Sydney, Ald. J. Lincoln. Picture by John Hearder.



# HIGHWAY IN THE SKY

● Australia's first cable Skyway for passengers runs about 1000ft. above the floor of the Jamieson Valley, N.S.W. Opened recently, after five months' construction, it crosses the 1310ft. span from the site of the Scenic Railway to Cliff View Lookout.

FROM the cabin of the £20,000 Skyway tourists feel they are almost close enough to throw a stone on to Orphan Rock or the Three Sisters, or to feel the spray of Katoomba Falls. Away down below they can see the minute trail of the Federal Pass and the ant-like figures of the people walking along it.

The journey across from the Scenic Railway to the Lookout and back takes six minutes, plus a pause mid-air near the Lookout to allow the 28 passengers to admire the magnificent views and take photographs.

The Skyway cabin, weighing about 30cwt., is suspended from a double cable, and carries about two tons of passengers each trip. The cable, which is 1½ inches in diameter, has a breaking strain of upwards of 150 tons.

Conductor of each trip, reassuring and explaining, is Mr. Joseph Gaut, who has worked in the area for 37 years, first as a miner, then operating the aerial coal trucks, and now as conductor on both the Railway and the Skyway.

Mr. Harry Hammond, director of Scenic Railways Pty. Ltd., which built the Skyway, explained that the cabin is constructed almost entirely of an extremely strong and light aluminium alloy.

He estimates that the landing platform on the eastern end at Cliff View Lookout, which is still under construction, will be completed in three or four months.

Then, if passengers wish, they can break their journey there, perhaps to walk to Echo Point, Reid's Plateau, or another beauty spot, before the return trip.

Mr. Hammond, Katoomba born and bred, acquired the Scenic Railway just after the war.

"And until the week before I bought it I'd never even had a ride in the thing," he said.

Mr. Hammond, who also operates a transport business, was collecting a load of coal from the site on a public holiday just after the war. While he was there a busload of Americans arrived to ride in the railway and were very disappointed to find it not working.

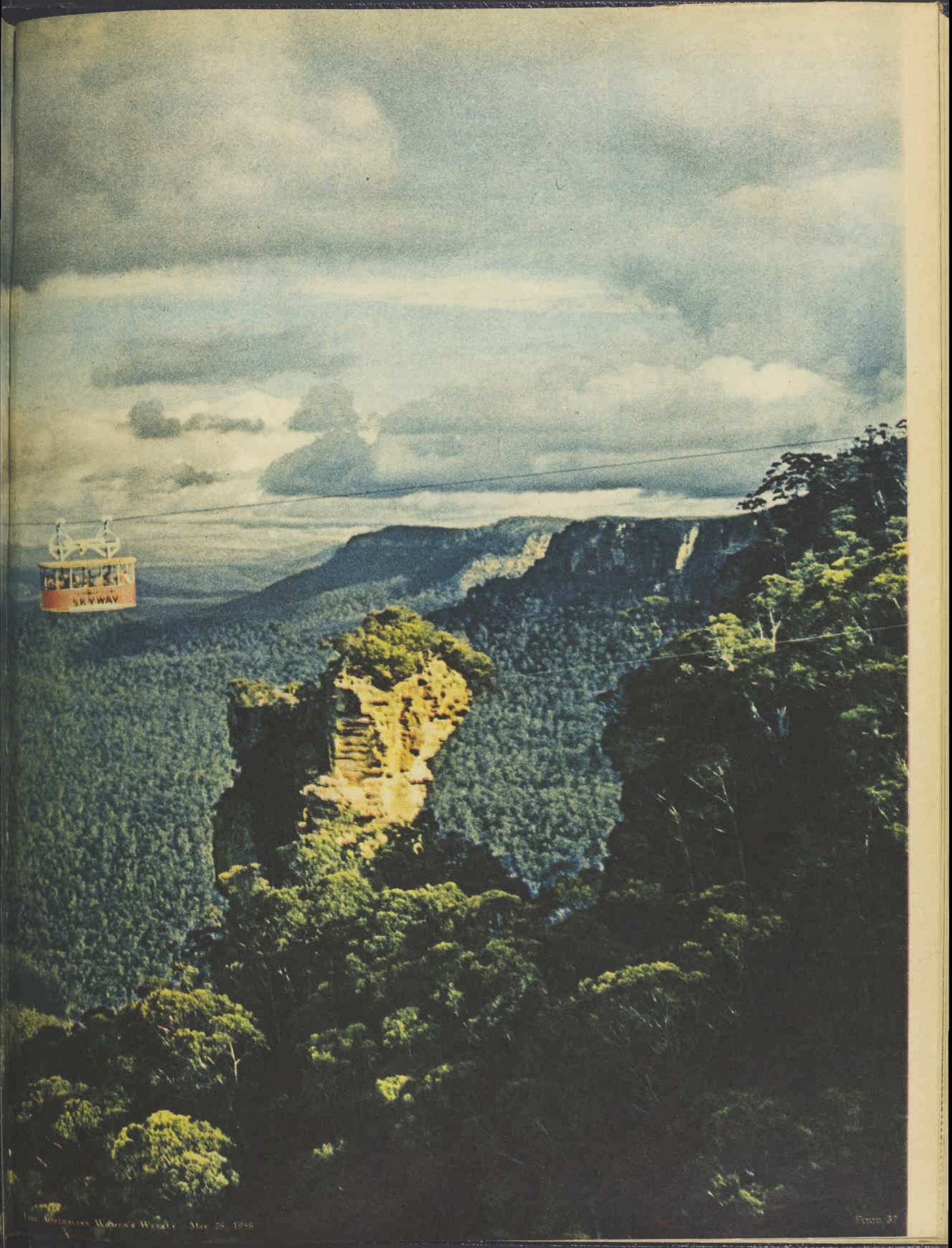
"I figured that if a bunch of Americans were interested enough to come right up from Sydney, and charter a bus into the bargain, the railway must have something.

"A few days later I had my first ride, and then made an offer to buy it."

● This magnificent color picture shows the Skyway cabin clear of Orphan Rock. It was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg looking towards the south from the new Skyway lookout near the kiosk at Katoomba Falls. On the Skyway trip the cabin travels 1310 feet from the Scenic Railway to Cliff View Lookout (in this picture from right to left), then back again.









Don't take  
chances with  
your teeth!



## MACLEANS

PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE

keeps teeth whiter and healthier!

Use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste . . . feel the tingle as its unique ingredient goes to work, killing decay germs, protecting your teeth and gums! Try Macleans and see how white your teeth are — that means they're cleaner and therefore safer from decay. You'll love the cool, refreshing taste of Macleans — and your breath will be sweet the whole day long. Buy Macleans today.



Now — so easy to be a  
blonde again!

Actually simpler than setting your hair!

If your hair was born to be blonde — and isn't — or if you're a brunette with blonde ambitions, Light and Bright by Richard Hudnut is for you. It's a home hair-lightener designed to bring out all the hidden gold in your hair . . . make you as blonde as you were born to be.

Light and Bright is so simple and easy to use, simpler, in fact, than setting your hair. No messy mixing. No complicated testing. No worrisome timing. And Light and Bright gives you genuine "colour control!" Light and Bright works so gently, so gradually you don't have to worry about getting too blonde too fast. Each time you use Light and Bright your hair gets a little lighter and a little brighter. When you reach just the colour that's right, you stop.

Light and Bright contains no ammonia. It's formulated with a special built-in conditioner. Wonderful the way Light and Bright makes you a true, natural-looking blonde again . . . with lovely, shining-soft hair! And once this gentle home brightener has brought to light your real bloneness that mousey look is gone for keeps. Your new golden look won't wash out, won't fade.

Get a bottle today — be a blonde beauty again.

Light and Bright



Light and Bright is available at chemists and stores everywhere in two sizes, 2.5 and 13.6.

dined. Sylvia would be there, too, with an escort.

John scowled at the phone. "What do you mean, an escort?"

"A man. You know. One of those things a girl uses to pay for dinners and taxis. Look, don't start muddling yourself up with details, John, just get Freda there tomorrow evening and look out for me. When you see us, bring her over and introduce us. The rest of the plan follows from there."

"All right," John said doubtfully. "But listen, Sylvia — this man who's taking you . . ."

She only laughed and rang off. John spent the rest of the day feeling even worse than he had done when he'd discovered a bunch of flowers had got him engaged to Freda.

The next evening, at the restaurant, he felt still worse when he looked round the room and saw Sylvia and the man with her. Until then he had never actually seen in the flesh one of those astoundingly handsome men one saw in hair-cream advertisements and tailor's fashion magazines. The specimen with Sylvia was like that.

He had smoothly waving dark hair, gleaming teeth, features like a Greek god, and, thought John sourly, just about as expressive, too — perhaps he was afraid too much emotion would make that face of his untidy.

John carefully danced Freda round till they were within a yard of Sylvia's table, noting as he did that Sylvia was smiling at the Greek god as if he were the only man in the room. Clenching his teeth, John cried with false surprise: "Well, hallo! Fancy meeting you here!"

He led Freda across to them. The Greek god glanced coldly at John, then at Freda. Freda was wearing a sheath-like white evening dress and her mother's diamond necklace.

When the dark young man's eyes reached the necklace, John saw him blink once, and then a light was switched on in that handsome face.

That was exactly what it was like: one moment he was poker-faced, the next he was on his feet, reaching for Freda's hand, and treating her to a thousand-watt smile that was positively blinding.

Freda, while John introduced Sylvia and Sylvia introduced the electric smiler, whose name turned out to be Malcolm Inman, was gazing at him like a cat seeing a gallon of cream. He gazed down at her with exactly the same expression. For the moment, Sylvia and John appeared to be entirely forgotten.

"Dance?" murmured Malcolm.

Enraptured, Freda went into his arms and they glided away.

John turned to Sylvia, held out his arms, and she went into them, smiling complacently. They danced after Freda and Malcolm.

"You're a genius, a pure genius," he told her enthusiastically, tightening his hold a little. "But do you think it will work? Freda may be smitten, but it would take more than mere smite to turn a girl like that from the paths of matrimony."

"When Malcolm smites," Sylvia promised him, "there's nothing mere about it. Watch." He pivoted her, so that he could watch Freda and the irresistible Malcolm between the other couples. He was murmuring, too, his smile still neatly in place. Freda was clinging to him as if she would fall down if she let go of him.

"Malcolm isn't as bad as you may think," Sylvia said charitably. "But he is an out-of-work actor, poor dear, and you know how these people are always brooding about money. It only needed the casual mention of how much of that Freda has

## Continuing . . . Say It With Flowers

[from page 18]

to have him shooting along here to meet her like a rocket.

"I told him she was already engaged to you, and he just sort of sneered and said we'd see about that. And I explained that you really didn't want to marry Freda, and he thought you must be mad. That was before he'd even seen her."

"You have a keen boy there, I see," John said with great satisfaction. Then he thought of something and the satisfaction went. "Keen only on rich girls, did you say? I mean, you know him?"

"Don't be silly," Sylvia said briskly. "I've known him since we were kids together. Anyway, I never was attracted to very handsome men," she added.

"Oh," John said. He thought about it and brightened up. "You couldn't call me handsome, now, could you?" he said hopefully.

"No," Sylvia said, smiling up at him. "Not really handsome."

John took Freda home, but that was about the first time he was alone with her all evening. She had spent the rest of it talking to Malcolm, dancing with Malcolm, and flashing her own illuminated smile back at his. As far as they were concerned, no other company was present. Sylvia and John sat and gloated to each other, well satisfied by this turn of affairs.

On the way home Freda was, for once, quite silent. John made a few attempts at casual conversation, but she didn't even hear him. He could see that her thoughts were not with him, but still fixed on the dazzling Malcolm.

When they got to her door she turned to him slowly, like one in a daze, and closed her eyes for their good-night kiss. He guessed who it was she was really kissing and didn't feel at all hurt to play stand-in for Malcolm.

He went home humming merrily, with no complaints at all except the nagging little fear that perhaps, outside Sylvia's door, Malcolm was keeping in practice, too.

Next day, a Sunday, John was due to go to tea at the Jamesons'. But when he arrived, braced for the ordeal, Mrs. Jameson told him in a hushed, sorrowful voice that dear Freda had a sick headache and was confined to her bedroom.

"I thought you knew, though," she went on, frowning. "Those lovely flowers the girl brought round this morning for Freda — I was surprised, of course, on a Sunday, but she said her shop ran a special weekend service. I thought you sent them because Freda was ill."

"Flowers?" John said, blinking. "A girl brought them?"

Mrs. Jameson looked coy, which was terrible to see.

"Now don't pretend you didn't send them, you naughty boy! Isn't that just like you, a sweet gesture like that! Freda was thrilled when she saw them and read your note. She actually blushed, John, dear! Of course, I could guess what was in it." She sighed gustily. "Young love. I can remember . . ."

He remembered to smile in a way both embarrassed and arch. He remembered to be suitably grave as he told Mrs. Jameson to wish Freda better for him. He remembered not to sing and dance as he walked away from the house. He could make a guess at what was in that note, too.

He stepped into the nearest phone-box and rang up Sylvia. Her voice was music in his ears.

"Do you run a special weekend service for me, too?" he said, when she answered.

She did. He went across there without losing a second.

Three days later — three bouquets later, all of course from Malcolm to Freda and all provided free by Sylvia — John got the note. It was brief and simple:

"Dear John,

"I don't quite know how to tell you, but I have had time to think about us, and I don't, after all, feel that we are really the perfect mates that perfect marriage demands. Try not to hate me too much. F."

"P.S.: I have just written an announcement which will appear in the papers tomorrow."

"P.P.S.: When the real thing happens to you, as it has to me, you'll bless me for releasing you. Honestly. Try not to take this too hard. Time will heal."

He took it so hard that it was a full two seconds before he was

out of the door on his way to a certain flower shop.

Janie, the young girl assistant, was with Sylvia when she arrived. The girl stared and gave a startled squeak as John gathered her employer firmly into his arms. Then she started to giggle.

"Mr. Saunders!" Sylvia said with breathless sternness, pushing him away. "Your bill is three pounds, for flowers delivered to Miss Jameson as per order."

She looked at Janie. John looked at Janie. Janie turned bright red and hurried out, muttering something about deliveries.

John turned back to Sylvia. He took a deep breath and said, "Do you mind if I take a little time to pay you back — say, the next sixty or seventy years?"

This time she didn't attempt to push him away.

(Copyright)

## Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



"VENETIA." — Swirling skirt with large button-trimmed pocket, made in corduroy velveteen. Colors available are flame-red, American beauty, redwood-brown, bottle-green, junior-navy, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, £3/13/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, £2/13/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.



"PHOEBE." — Smart skirt in Donegal wool tweed, with an inverted pleat in front, a plain back, and hip pockets. The colors are junior-navy, bottle-green, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, £4/4/3; 30 and 32in. waist, £4/6/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, and 28in. waist, £3/9/3; 30 and 32in. waist, £3/11/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 89. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MAY 28, 1958



# If you could get an under-water view of washing-up...

## YOU'D SEE HOW LAZY SOAP-SUDS REALLY ARE !



If you could get an under-water view of washing-up you'd see how lazy suds from soaps and foaming detergents really are. . . . They just don't get down to work where the dirty dishes lie. They float idly on the top of the water.

You'd see just the opposite, with Trix; it wastes no time with surface bubbles but gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy *down in the water* . . . absorbing grease like magic (proof is your bright sink, free from scummy ring, when you let the washing-up water go). Instead of skin-diving into the sink for the under-water evidence . . .

### Make this simple test...

Get a bottle of Trix. Use just one teaspoonful in the washing-up. Merely tickle those dishes with the mop. Then see if you can find a trace of greasy film. You won't! (Even on a dinner plate you didn't rinse.) Now stack them to drain. They're so gleaming clean the water leaves them instantly. No slow-going sudsy patches to dry dull and tacky on your china, to streak and cloud your glass-ware. . . . So—no tea-towel required! Your Trix-washed dishes dry brilliantly clean, as if you'd polished them . . . and they are hygienically clean, too!

How different from the germ-trap film and streaks that have to be rubbed off after a sudsy washing-up.

### Trix is thick . . . it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

Throw in the towel on wiping dishes . . . Just TRIX'em, that'll fix'em!

INSIST ON **Trix**  
NON-FOAMING  
DETERGENT



Just one tablespoon of Trix to two gallons of clothes-washing water gives the cleanest, sweetest wash, because Trix absorbs grease and dirt—and leaves no sudsy residue. Trix is best of all for washing woollens, silks and nylons.



Use Trix for window-cleaning. See how it banishes smears and smudges in a twinkling!



No "special" car shampoo does a better job than Trix. Wash car with Trix-in-water, hose. Traffic film disappears like magic!





## Especially in Winter

### SKIN needs soothing NIVEA care

Winter winds and rain dry out the natural oils of your skin. Nivea replaces these oils because it contains Eucerite — the nearest thing in this world to the natural oils of the skin.

Keep your skin soft, young and lovely with Nivea.



## SKIN needs NIVEA

Available in tins or tubes and Nivea Skin Oil in bottles. Obtainable everywhere.



*"I keep the family's shoes like new with KIWI"*

—the polish that preserves the leather



They're well worn but they've worn well!



All the family's shoes will have a perfect shine — and will look new longer — when polished with Kiwi. Kiwi not only gives a brilliant shine — it protects and preserves the leather from wear and weather.

## CHANGE TO KIWI

FOR AN EASIER SHINE

Continuing . . .

## The Faceless Adversary

from page 21

drive beyond, there were the tracks of a car. Barbara joined him.

"We've come this far," John said, and they ducked under the chain. The driveway wound and climbed. They went a hundred feet and a man's voice said, "Looking for somebody?" There was no welcome in the voice.

He was a rangy, weathered man. He held a long pole, with pruning shears fastened at the end.

"Mrs. Piermont," John said. "Can see she ain't here," the man said. "What'd you think the chain was for?"

"It's important we see her," John said.

"Ain't here," the man said. "So how you gonna see her, mister?"

"If you could tell us —"

Barbara began.

"Florida," the man said. "Be back next month."

"And," Barbara said, "Miss Titus?"

He looked at her.

"What about the Titus girl?" he asked.

"Is she here?"

He looked at Barbara slowly before he answered. Then he said, "Nope."

"With Mrs. Piermont?"

Again he was slow in answering. Then he said, "You got a lot of questions, haven't you? Told you nobody's here. What more do you want?"

"To know where Miss Titus is," John said. "In Florida?"

"Where would she be?" the man said. "Sure she's in Florida." He paused again.

"You want to see them so bad," he said, "whyn't you go to Florida?"

He turned and walked off a few paces, and looked up at a tree. He raised his long pole and snipped at a branch. The branch fell. Then he turned and looked at them. "Get out," he said.

They went. He followed them down the drive. "Don't come back," he said. "That's plain enough English for you, isn't it?" He watched them slip under the chain barrier.

They were watched, also, and from beyond a stone fence, by a man who had parked a black sedan around a bend beyond the Piermont driveway. When he saw them start towards the road he walked for a short distance behind the fence, and then went over it and back to the sedan. He hoped, absently, that the stuff growing on the wall would not turn out to be what they called poison ivy.

He had turned the car so that it was headed back the way they had come—the way the Corvette had come, and he after it. Presumably, they would turn and go back that way. He waited in the car, and heard the Corvette's motor.

It had been quite an expedition—into the country, which was a nuisance; into Danbury, where it was almost as difficult to park as in New York—more difficult for him. He had loitered on foot from dress shop to dress shop, and drugstore to drugstore, until finally, apparently, they had found what they wanted. He had been lucky to get back to the sedan in time to follow them to Brewster, and now to this house, occupied—or any rate claimed—by someone named Piermont.

There would be a good deal of backtracking to be done; a good deal of checking out. He had a guess as to what they were up to, and, if he was right, somebody had slipped up in Eleventh Street—which Miller wouldn't like. On the other hand, it might be that work was being done without

having to be paid for, a thing to which nobody would object.

Abruptly, Detective Nathan Shapiro slid his long body as low as he could in the front seat of the sedan, and pulled his hat as low as he conveniently could over his face, so that he looked like a man dozing in his car. At any rate, he hoped he did; it would be a nuisance if he looked dead, and the occupants of the Corvette—which had not turned and gone back but had continued in the way it was headed—got out to investigate.

They did not. They were talking as they went by, and only glanced at the sedan, pulled off the narrow road.

Shapiro had to drive back to the Piermont drive and turn in it, nosing up to the chain, before he could follow. With the time so lost, it would be easy enough for the Corvette to ditch him—if it wanted to. The country was a heck of a place, and full of noisy birds.

It had been Barbara who suggested that, instead of turning back, they might as well go on. "Since we don't know where we're going anyway," John said.

"Roads always lead somewhere," she said. "Little roads lead to larger roads."

"Or," John said, "to farmers' barnyards."

The narrow, winding road dead-ended at a wider, straighter road. Detective Nathan Shapiro stopped the small black sedan and looked hopefully for road signs. He was, he discovered, at the end of Elm Lane. He could go

John pulled the car to the side of the road and after a moment cut the motor.

"You mean," he said, "we just barge in? Say, 'Who's this Miss Titus? Is she a girl with red hair. Not in Florida, but dead and in the morgue?'"

"There is," she told him, "only one way to find things out. Only one way I've ever heard of."

She was out of the car. To John, following her, she seemed to twinkle in the slanting light of evening.

The road here was lined with trees—maple trees and very old. Suddenly, as he followed the girl under one of the trees, up to the door of the white rectory, John thought: The tree by the tennis court is a maple tree. He looked up at the tree under which he was walking. A tree like this—

I can almost see it. But then, as quickly as this certainty had come, it passed and he could not see the tree by the tennis court or remember where it grew. After this John Hayward thought, I'll look at things. I swear I'll look at things.

The narrow, winding road dead-ended at a wider, straighter road. Detective Nathan Shapiro stopped the small black sedan and looked hopefully for road signs. He was, he discovered, at the end of Elm Lane. He could go

right or left on Briggs Hill Road. But where he would come out, in whichever way he turned, was not revealed. He could flip a coin. He turned right. If his hunch—it was only that—proved out, this way would take him back to Brewster. Whether it would take him in further pursuit of the Corvette was anybody's guess.

Whether it had remained anybody's guess, but the point became academic. Whichever way they had gone, they had shaken him, by intention or by chance. He thought the latter; he was quite certain they had not recognised him when he slumped in the seat of the sedan, like a man asleep. He did not think they had had any idea they were being followed.

He drove a mile or so. He encountered only one other car—a Jaguar, top up, occupant almost obscured, bound in the opposite direction at, for a Jaguar, a discreet speed. It was, Detective Shapiro thought vaguely, getting so you saw a lot of those about. And very uncomfortable they looked.

The road turned and the countryside opened. He was on a hill with Brewster below him and the road easing down towards the village. Here and there, although needlessly, there were already lights in the village.

The Corvette was nowhere in sight on the straight downslope. Well, he had not supposed it would be. He rolled down the gentle hill through



"First swivel chair, Cunningham?"

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continuing . . .

# The Faceless Adversary

from page 40

be almost anyone, couldn't it? Any pretty young woman. It might be Julie Titus—that is her name, Julie. But from this, I doubt whether anyone could be sure." He gave the picture back. "And," he said, "I've only seen Julie once or twice since—since she became a young woman."

They looked at him. He nodded slowly.

"She is very rarely seen by anyone," he said. "For reasons which seemed adequate to Angela." He paused. "Angela Piermont," he said. "She has done a great deal for Julie. She is a good woman, John. Whatever she did was for the best. But—it left the girl very unprepared. I have ventured to tell Angela that, but Angela—" He paused again. "She knows her own mind, as we say," Mr. Higbee said.

He sipped from his glass. He said that he could tell them little more than anyone, living for miles around, could tell them of Mrs. Angela Piermont, long a widow, and Julie Titus—the pretty Titus girl. It was simpler probably to begin with the Tituses.

"I can only tell you of the background," he said. "Of events—I know little of events. Angela goes to Florida every year—goes much earlier than most, and stays longer. Angela is very old, and blood thins as we grow old. Or so we say. The girl goes with her—to Bradenton, I think it is. Somewhere on the Florida west coast, at any rate. I would have supposed they were there now. So, on that I cannot help you. But for the background—"

**T**HE Titus family

had been long in the area. For two centuries there had been Tituses in that part of Putnam County, in Upper Westchester, in adjacent areas of Connecticut. There had been a Titus who was a governor; there were Tituses who had been judges. "My own great-grandfather was a Titus," Mr. Higbee said. "Angela Piermont is a Titus."

"Then the girl—" Barbara said. "Is a relative?" Mr. Higbee said. "Yes—of Angela's. In some degree perhaps of mine. But remotely." He paused. "In a sense," he said, "only the name—the name itself—connects. One could never trace it down. And—Julie is a Briggs Hill Titus."

He paused. He said that, of course, the term meant nothing to them. Briggs Hill was—"a kind of backwater." There were many such communities in the country, even quite close to New York. "Even in Westchester," Mr. Higbee said.

By no means all the Tituses had been judges and prosperous merchants and physicians, although some had. Others had been day laborers, farm hands—and less. Much less. The Briggs Hill Tituses—

"I do not like categories," Mr. Higbee said. "We cannot, as children of one Father, set some aside. But—the Briggs Hill Tituses have, I'm afraid, interbred for several generations. The results have been—adverse. Julie's father is mentally subnormal. Probably he should be in an institution. Instead, he is often in gaol. He has had ten children. The girls—there are four girls—are very pretty. The oldest of them is

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lotion and rinsing. No neutralizer to fuss with—your curls dry naturally and comb out lustrously soft and easy to manage.

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**Twink—the home perm with special oil conditioner for silky-soft waves without frizz**

To page 43

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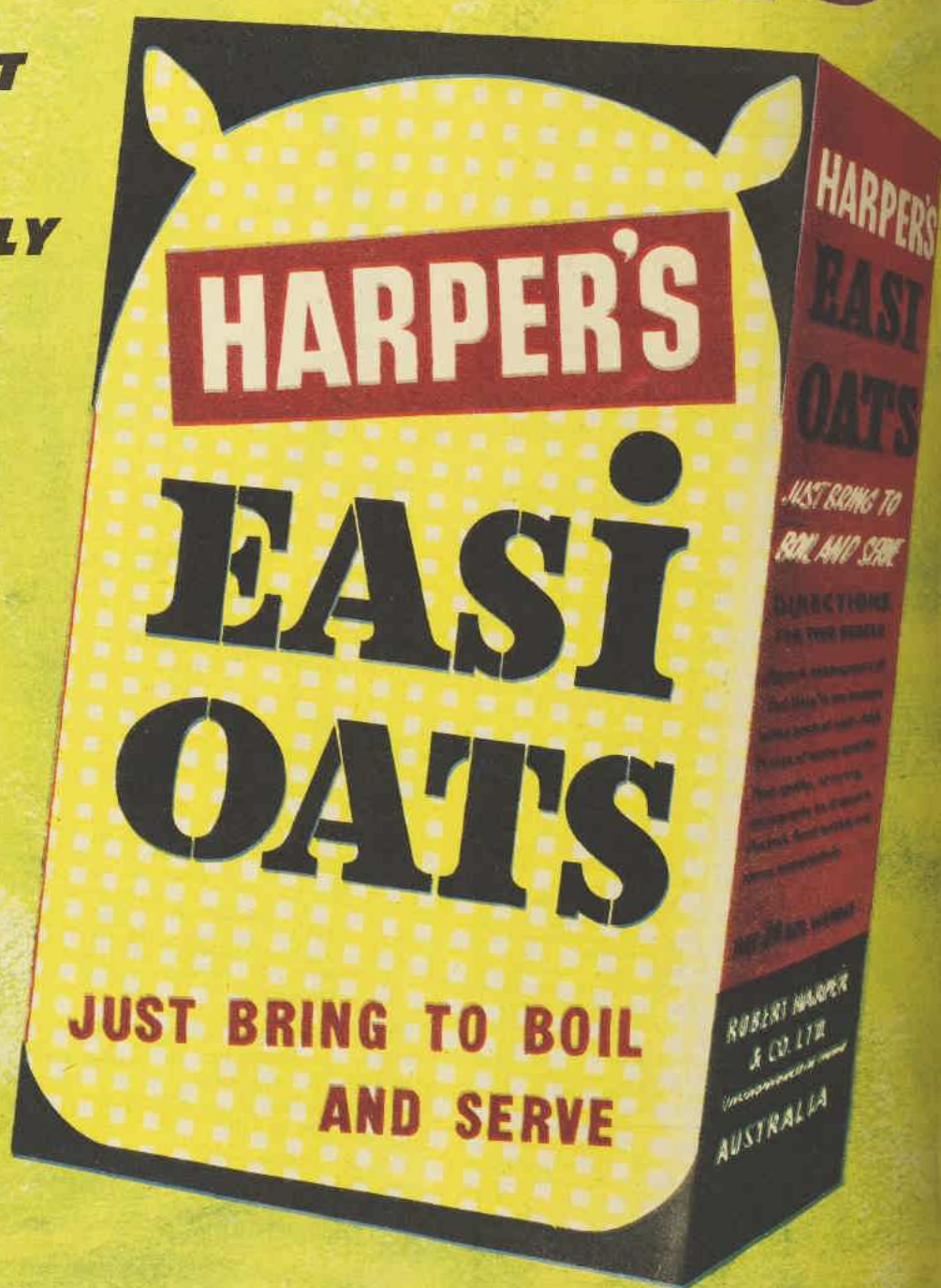
## **So easy to prepare!**

You just bring EASI-OATS to the boil — and serve! Delicious, vitamin-rich EASI-OATS are tops in popularity on any breakfast table! Try serving them with honey and a pat of butter. Mmmmm!



**SPECIAL TROPICAL  
PACK**

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Flavour





## Continuing . . . The Faceless Adversary

[from page 41]

a girl of very low morals. Two of the others are subnormal." Mr. Higbee paused. He shook his head slowly from side to side, and the rosiness seemed to have faded in his round and pleasant face.

"So much is ugly," he said. "So much we have made ugly in God's word." He sipped from his glass.

"I realise you must find out about the girl," he said. "I realise its importance to you. Yet—I cling to the hope that the girl is not Julie Titus. She was a sweet, bright child. Angela rescued her from Briggs Hill, from—degradation. When she was a pretty little girl of ten. I hope she is not the girl who was killed. Was—this girl pretty?"

"Yes," John said. "She was a very pretty girl. Although I only saw her dead."

"You are wise," Mr. Higbee said. "Beauty is in the spirit. Julie was a very pretty child. Dangerously pretty, even at ten." He smiled faintly. "My eyes were stronger then," he said. "It was I who told Angela of the girl. Of—her dangerous prettiness. Angela went to see. I do not know actually what arrangements she may have made. She took the girl home with her. Brought the girl up. Educated her."

He paused again. They waited.

"After her husband died," he said, "Angela, for a time, operated a girls' school. A very good school, I believe. She had theories about education. She taught Julie herself. She said, 'She is my responsibility. There is much she must be guarded against.' Angela had given up the school by then. She taught the girl at home. And—kept her at home."

They could, he said, see the reason—see, at any rate, Angela Piermont's reasoning. In rural areas children are collected in buses and taken to district schools. The buses would have taken Julie, when she was ten and twelve and fourteen, would also have taken her brothers and sisters from Briggs Hill. But it was precisely from that life that Julie was to be guarded.

"I do not know," he said, "how wise that was. We must live in the world we find. Try to better it, to be sure, but live in it." He paused. "I have not always labored in this quiet vineyard," he added, but almost as if to himself, "A child, particularly, may be too closely guarded."

"You think Julie was?" Barbara asked.

Mr. Higbee peered at her through the thick glasses.

"It may be," he said. "Yes, I think she was. She—" He paused again. "Since she was ten," he said, "she has lived with an aged woman. A woman who had come to—rather distant terms with life. Who sought nothing more from life."

"The poor child," Barbara said. "She must have been very lonely."

"Yes," he said. "And—unprepared, wouldn't you think? She is, probably, about your age—in years. And—knows so little of what you, I imagine, know quite well."

He looked at Barbara.

"As another very pretty girl," he said.

"Yes," Barbara said. "Mrs. Piermont should have been—frightened. Even when they were in Florida?"

"I don't know how they lived there," Mr. Higbee said. "But—yes, my dear. I should think even in Florida. In a quiet hotel. They would stay in a quiet hotel. And Bradenton is, I believe, a quiet town." He paused again. "Although," he said, "I seem to remember that the Braves train there."

They were both slightly surprised.

"Even a clergyman," he said mildly, "can be interested in baseball. I have an excellent television set." He looked at John. "To which, as you are thinking," he said, "I must sit very close. However—"

He hesitated, as if considering.

"Last summer," he said, "late last summer, Julie met a man. I do not know how, or whether Angela knew about it. I—"

He paused again. "It was a little odd," he said. Then he stood up behind his desk.

"If you have not had dinner," he said, "I should like very much to take you to the Walpole Inn." They looked at him, puzzled. "They have good food," he said. "It is a quiet place."

"But," John said, "you were about to tell us about some man."

"I have not forgotten," Mr. Higbee said. "I am not particularly forgetful." But then he smiled. "Only," he said, "how can one say that? Because, of course, one could so easily forget forgetting. I saw Julie and this young man at the inn. Last October. The leaves were just at their best. But—I should like to show you."

A Corvette is built for two, but three are possible. Mr.



Higbee sat between them, and wore a soft black hat firmly on his head. (Now, Barbara thought, we must look as if we were kidnapping him.) It was not far to the inn, which was low and pleasantly dim and, when they arrived, empty. A waiter lighted candles on the table.

"I think," Mr. Higbee said, "that we might permit ourselves another drink."

They permitted themselves. They did not try to hurry the pleasant, round-faced clergyman. They sipped very slowly, interrupting themselves to order dinner. Then Mr. Higbee said that he was selfish.

"I dislike eating alone," he said. "So often, now, I eat alone. I was alone the evening I saw this man of Julie's. But I need not have brought you here. No doubt you had other plans."

"No," John said. "It's pleasant here."

"Yes," Mr. Higbee said. "Over weekends it is quite crowded. But during the week it is not unusual to find it empty. I thought it was that evening. But then I saw a couple. Over there." He pointed. He pointed towards a corner table—a table especially secluded, on which, now, a single candle burned steadily, but very softly.

"I—" he paused — "I am afraid they were only shadows to me," he said. "I do not see at any distance. But I nodded to them, as pleasantly as I could." He paused again. "Because, of course," he said, "they might very well have been parishioners. I find it well to be on the safe side. People so often are."

He sipped again. "The man talked to the girl," he said. "Then she stood up—I think she shook her head first—but then stood up. It was as if he had persuaded her. She came over to my table and the man came with her. He was a man of about your height, John."

"He was wearing a sports jacket—a rather showy jacket. The girl said she was Julie Titus. She asked if I remembered her. She seemed—a little breathless. As if she had made up her mind to do something, and was doing it quickly. You know what I mean, my dear?"

"This was to Barbara. 'Yes,' Barbara said."

"Yes," Mr. Higbee said. "She said good evening. Then all in a breath, she said she wanted me to meet a friend of hers. She said, 'I want you to meet John Hayward.'"

At first there was nothing to say, and they said nothing. They had taken Mr. Higbee back to his pleasant little house and he had said he was sorry it had come to this. "Yes," John had said, and added, forced himself to add, that Mr. Higbee had done all he could do.

Now John drove the little car towards the west, towards the city, with the lights on against the pale darkness of twilight. And there was nothing to say—nothing for either

did not hear him. "—be all right," the doctor said. "Just a question of time," he said. "Bad shaking up," he said. "That's all it is." But he spoke to someone who was not there. "I'm not here any more," John said, but the doctor did not hear him. "I don't live here any more."

"John," Barbara said. "Snap out of it! Listen to me—snap out of it!"

"I'm all right," he said. He spoke dully. It was as if he spoke to the road the lights brightened. "It was a mortar shell."

For a moment she was silent. There was a kind of tenseness about her silence; it was as if she snatched a moment of quiet in which to draw her thoughts together. Then she said again, "John. Listen to me," and then, "Where have you gone, John?"

He did not answer immediately.

"You mean—what Mr. Higbee said?" she asked him, and spoke very carefully. "About this man who was with the Titus girl. The man she thought was—"

"Was John Hayward?" "I was talking about a real mortar shell," he said. "But—partly that. Yes. It was rather like one."

"He doesn't think it was you," she said. "He is quite certain it wasn't."

"In his own mind," John said. "The benefit of the doubt. And he can't be sure it wasn't. Can't swear it wasn't." He spoke slowly, with long intervals between words. "How could he? He sees very little. The room was dark. It was months ago. If he testified, if he talked to the police, he'd have to say the girl told him that the man was John Hayward. He'd have to say the man wore what he called a 'showy' sports jacket—like the one the police will say they found in my apartment."

"Listen," she said. "Stop somewhere. Pull off somewhere. We can't talk this way. I can't hear half you say."

He drove a little way farther, pulled off where the shoulder widened. He cut the motor. He turned to face Barbara. He managed to smile at her, but at the same time he shook his head. He said it didn't, he was afraid, make much difference what they said. And in spite of himself he spoke from a distance, dully.

"He started it," she said. "Forced it. Insisted Julie introduce him as—as you. It was part of the plan."

"He," John said. "Yes, I suppose so, Barbara—I don't remember ever being there. At the inn. I mean before today."

"Remember?" she said. "What do you mean, remember? You never were." She waited. He merely looked at her. "What can I do with you?" she said, and there was a great anxiety in her voice. "Whatever can I do with you?"

"No," he said in the same dull voice. "I was never there. I never saw the girl. I didn't kill her. I say that over and over, don't I?"

"Yes," she said. "Over and over. You needn't. I know. Do you hear me? I know."

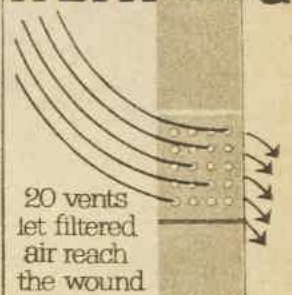
He touched her cheek with the knuckles of his loosely clenched right hand. He drew the knuckles down the softness of her cheek and ran them tenderly along the slender, fragile bone of her jaw. She took the hand and held it, slim fingers twined around it.

"About the mortar shell," she said. "There was really a shell? In Korea?"

It had been in Korea, he told her. They had got, or nearly enough got, the range of his battery. A shell had exploded on it, or near enough on it.

To page 50

## FASTER HEALING



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**AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST-SELLING WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE**



# A MEAL FROM SOUP

By LEILA C. HOWARD,

our Food and Cookery Expert

THESE thick, spicy soups, quick to make, are just the meal to plan for a really busy day.

The flavor of many soups can be greatly improved by the addition of home-made stock. If this is not at hand, chicken or beef bouillon cubes are a fine substitute.

Serve hot garlic bread with the soups given below. To make garlic bread, brush bread slices with melted butter mixed with crushed clove of garlic. Bake in oven until crisp, dust with paprika.

All spoon measurements are level.

## PORK 'N' PARSNIPS

Two pounds pork, 2 teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika, 2 chopped onions, 2 cups tinned peas, water, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 2lb. parsnips, 1lb. potatoes.

Remove excess fat from pork, cut into small cubes. Place fat in large saucepan, cook until crisp. Remove the crisp fat pieces, add cubed pork to fat remaining in pan, and cook over heat until thoroughly browned. Add salt, pepper, paprika, and onion. Drain liquid from peas, add sufficient water to make up to 6 cups of liquid. Add bouillon cubes to liquid, stir over low heat until dissolved. Pour over pork mixture, cover with tightly fitting lid, and simmer 40 to 50 minutes. Scrape parsnips, peel potatoes, cut into cubes. Add parsnips, potatoes, and peas to pork, cover, and simmer until vegetables are tender, about 12 to 15 minutes. Serve.

## BURGER BEEF SOUP

Three ounces margarine, 2lb. chuck or round beef (minced),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped onion, 2 cups tinned tomato juice,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups water, 1 tin condensed cream of celery soup diluted with 1 cup stock or water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper, pinch marjoram, 1 bay leaf,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon garlic salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 cups shredded raw carrot.

In large saucepan, melt margarine; add meat and brown it, breaking it into small pieces as it cooks. Add onion and brown lightly. Combine tomato juice, water, celery soup; stir until smooth and well mixed; add to browned meat and onion. Stir in all remaining ingredients, cover, and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Just before serving remove bay leaf.

## SEAFOOD CREME

One ounce butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 cups shelled prawns, 1 small tin whole kernel corn, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced parboiled celery,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, and cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens; cook 3 minutes longer. Fold in prawns, corn, celery, and red pepper, season with salt, cayenne pepper, and Worcestershire sauce; stir over heat until thoroughly reheated.

## SCOTCH CHOWDER

Half cup barley, 2lb. lamb, 3 teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 chopped onion, 1 bay leaf, 7 cups water, 1 cup each of diced carrots, celery, and turnips.

Cover barley with water, allow to stand 2 hours. Meanwhile, cut lamb into small pieces and place in saucepan with salt, pepper, onion, bay leaf, and water; cover and simmer until meat is tender (approx.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours). Remove bay leaf from saucepan, add drained barley, carrots, celery, and turnips. Simmer 1 hour or until barley is soft. Cool, refrigerate.

● *Hearty and packed with flavor, these meal-in-one soups are rich in meat, fish, and vegetables. They are satisfying for dinner and ideal for an informal supper.*

CRISP, GOLDEN GARLIC BREAD makes a fine accompaniment to any of the soups illustrated above. See recipes on this page for pork 'n' parsnips, burger beef soup, and seafood creme.

erate overnight. Following day, remove any surface fat, heat, adding a little extra water if necessary.

## MINESTRONE

One rasher bacon, 1 dessertspoon bacon fat or other good shortening, 1 onion, 2 leeks,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped celery, 1 large carrot, 1 cup dried beans (soaked overnight in sufficient water to cover),  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pints stock or water, salt to taste,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups finely shredded cabbage,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup rice, 1 clove garlic, 2 sprigs parsley, grated cheese.

Remove rind from bacon, chop finely. Place in pan with bacon fat, fry lightly. Add chopped onion, leeks, and tomatoes, cook until soft. Add celery, diced carrots, and drained, soaked beans; cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add stock or water and salt, simmer 1 hour. Add cabbage and rice, cook until tender, about 15 to 20 minutes. Five minutes before the end of cooking time, add parsley and crushed garlic. Serve piping hot, topped with grated cheese.

## PIQUANT MEDLEY

One pound frankfurts (diced), 1 large onion (chopped), 2oz. margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups tomato puree, 1 cup water, 1 cup finely diced cooked carrot, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

Heat shortening in pan, add chopped onion; saute until lightly browned. Add flour, cook 1 minute, and gradually add tomato puree and water mixed together. Stir constantly until boiling. Add carrots, celery, frankfurts, Worcestershire sauce, sugar; season with salt and pepper. Cover with lid and simmer 15 to 20 minutes or until thoroughly reheated.

## TOMATO OYSTER BISQUE

One pint oysters, milk, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper, 1 tin tomato soup.

Drain oysters, chop roughly; measure oyster liquor and make up to 2 pints with milk.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in oyster and milk mixture and onion, bring to the boil, and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool slightly, season with salt and pepper. Gradually mix in tomato soup and lastly oysters. Return to heat, stir until reheated, but do not allow to boil. Serve.

## CURRIED CHICKEN SOUP

One ounce butter, 1 onion, 1 medium-sized green apple, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more, according to taste),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons flour, 3 cups chicken stock or prepared chicken noodle soup (strained before using), 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 6 to 8oz. finely diced cooked chicken or rabbit, salt.

Peel and dice onion and apple. Melt butter in pan, add onion and apple, cook until soft but not brown. Stir in curry powder and flour, cook further 2 minutes. Add chicken stock, continue stirring until boiling. Gradually add cream and chicken. Reheat but do not boil. Season with salt before serving.



## Rub-a-dub-dub twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchhoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchhoff says:—"At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It is most refreshing". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals and is the chosen antiseptic of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)

. . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic—a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

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BY CHEMISTS



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Hot, burning feet? Soothe with cooling "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—the first aid kit in a jar. At all chemists and stores — 2/6 and 3/11.

"Vaseline" is a registered trade mark of  
Cheesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.



Insist on  
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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

## Save time, work on washday

● Good laundering is more than just washing the clothes. Special aids—old and new—are on the market. Here we tell you how to make the most of them on your washday.

**STARCH** gives an extra dressing to clothes, makes them stay clean longer, look fresher.

### TYPES OF STARCH:

**Vegetable** (corn, rice, and wheat—dry or liquid). It washes out easily.

**Plastic** (liquid) lasts many washes.

Sort clothes for starching:

1. Separate whites from coloreds.
2. Sort again for degrees of stiffness desired—stiff, medium, light.

### STARCHING GUIDE

Here is a guide to help you sort articles into stiffness groups, and to indicate the vegetable starch mixture you will need for each.

**STIFF**—Shirt collars, cuffs and bands, tablecloths, tablemats, traycloths, nurses' caps.

**Dry Starch**—Mix two heaped tablespoons starch with half a tumbler of cold water to a smooth cream. Stirring well all the time, add three pints of absolutely boiling water until the starch becomes smooth, thick, and clear.

**Liquid Starch**—One part basic mixture to one part water.

**MEDIUM**—Cotton frocks, aprons, undershirts, chintzes, linen towels, play and work clothes, table napkins.

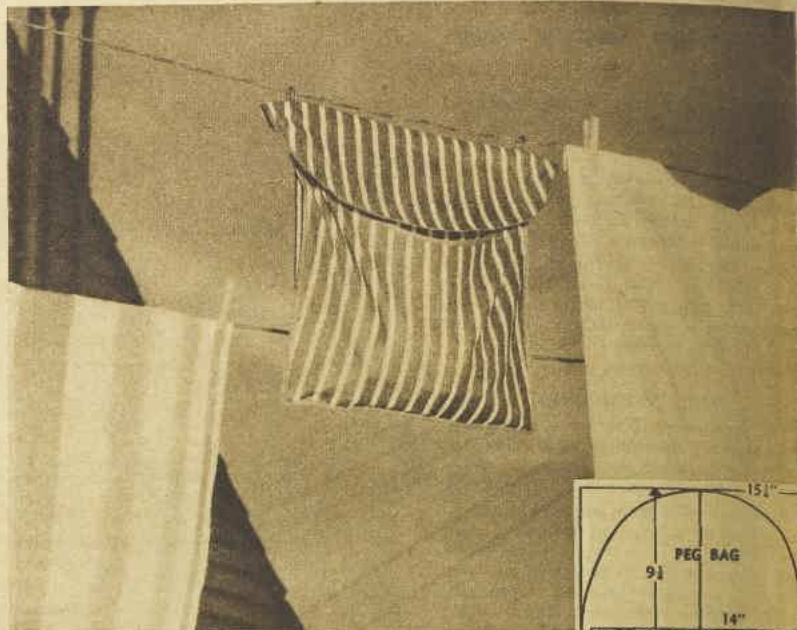
**Dry Starch**—To a quantity of stiff mixture add an equal quantity of cold water.

**Liquid Starch**—One part basic mixture to two parts water.

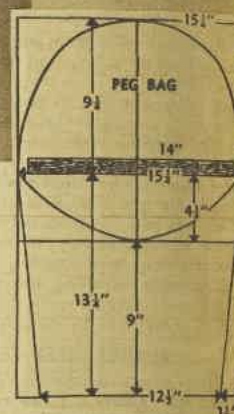
**LIGHT**—Body of men's shirts, lace, nylon and cotton blouses, nurses' organdie veils, linen and pique articles, and, occasionally, tea-towels and sheets.

**Dry Starch**—To a quantity of medium mixture add an equal quantity of cold water.

**Liquid Starch**—One part basic mixture to four or five parts water.



**PEG BAG**, specially designed for ease and efficiency. Make it from 3yd. of sturdy cotton (see measurements in diagram, right). Bag is attached to straight wooden batten (a handyman will find this for you) by two large cuphooks, which penetrate cloth through two worked eyelet holes. These hook on to the clothesline; flap can be tucked into bag, which is slid along the line as you work. The bag in the picture was made of grey-and-white striped denim, edged all round with bright red bias binding.



### Plastic Starch:

Detailed instructions for use are given on the bottle. Follow carefully, because, once in, plastic starch cannot be washed out easily. Cost of plastic starch is more than vegetable, but it endures up to a dozen washes.

### TRICKS WITH STARCH:

● To avoid starch showing on dark colors, use laundry blue to tint starch for dark blue, black ink for black garments, strong, clear tea for dark brown. Commercial tints can be used for other colors.

● Turn colored garments inside-out before starching.

● To make starch smoother and less inclined to stick to

the iron, dissolve a teaspoon of candlewax shavings, or butter, in starch. This also gives collars a shine.

● Mix two handfuls of starch and add to a hot bath to give your skin a smooth feeling, especially in hot weather when skin is inclined to feel prickly and sticky.

● If out of starch, substitute cornflour, using same quantities and mixing in same way.

### BLUE

Blue can be combined with the soapflakes, powder, or detergent, added to final rinsing water, or put in with the starch.

A blue rinse is specially useful for restoring whiteness to wool or silk. Also add borax

to the washing water to help keep woollies white.

To avoid blue streaking, do not use too much, mix with water thoroughly, and hang out the clothes carefully.

Overbleaching may cause greying of the fabric. Rinse in hot, soft water to remove this look.

### TRICKS WITH BLUE:

● For stockings that are too intense in color, add blue to the rinse—it tones down the tint.

● Use wet blue to relieve the pain of stings of insects, jelly-fish, and bluebottles.

### BLEACH

Household (chlorine) bleach should be used only for white cottons and linens, occasionally when very soiled and yellow.

It is specially useful if clothes are dried in an automatic drier or otherwise indoors.

Follow instructions on bottle carefully, because too much bleach will damage fabric fibres. Use generally one tablespoon of bleach to one gallon of water.

Bleach is added to the hot (160 degrees) soapy wash. Never use it in clear or cold water.

Do not soak laundry in it overnight or for any length of time. Rinse all bleached clothes thoroughly.

Do not bleach drip-dry cottons, wool, or silk. If you do make a mistake and use chlorine bleach on the wrong fabric, try this remedy: Soak garment in a solution of sodium sulphite and warm water (one teaspoon sulphite to one gallon water). Rinse well.

## THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Contributions are invited for our new contest, "The Laugh Was On Me." Each week we award £2/2/- for the two best entries. Here are the first winners:

IT was only my second day of teaching and the strain was beginning to tell. I asked Edwin to bring me a glass of water. While he was outside Ted asked to be excused, but came rushing back almost immediately to tell me that Edwin was drinking from my glass. When Edwin returned I began a little lecture on germs. Ted interrupted: "Yes, teacher, that's what I told him. I said, 'Edwin, you never know what disease the new teacher might have!'"

£2/2/- to Mrs. I. Kearsley, Advancetown, via Nerang, Qld.

● Send your entries to "The Laugh Was On Me," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.

DRESS rehearsal of a Noel Coward play was in progress. The scene was sophisticated, dramatic. I reclined on a divan, speaking into the stage phone and executing the appropriate gestures. The scene approached its stirring climax when, to my horror, the watchers dissolved into helpless laughter.

I realised that my daring negligee had parted at the knee, revealing legs unromantically clad in long woollen underpants donned to defeat the cold of Canberra's midwinter.

£2/2/- to M.N.H., Mentone, Vic.



# Plan for a narrow site



HOME PLAN, shown in perspective above, is ideal for a narrow frontage, being placed along the depth of the block, it can be adapted easily for any fairly level site. The carport at the front door is an economical, practical, and convenient idea. It becomes an extension of the patio, and can be used as a children's play area in wet weather.

## Our Centres

THIS plan and hundreds of other standard plans can be bought from our Home Planning Centres for £7/1/- per full set.

Addresses are:  
CANBERRA: Anthony Horwood and Sons Ltd., Home Centre.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Midway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Marston and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horwood and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill. Our standard plans are also available at the advisory bureau at 23 Central Avenue, Miranda, established by master builders.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will attend the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

● Ideal for a narrow 40ft. frontage, this week's home plan is an attractive family-sized house that faces down the block to take advantage of depth instead of width.

THE plan is flexible, and is easily adapted to a wide frontage or to any fairly level site.

Sydney architect Ian White, who designed the house, has placed the carport in front of the house, where it becomes an extension of the patio.

It can be used as sheltered play space, as an entertainment area, and in wet weather will protect the entry.

Fixed glass panels at the side of the front door give a well-lit entrance.

The living-room is very large and can be divided into lounge and dining space, both of which are adjacent to the kitchen.

Fixed panels combined with sash windows and the double glass doors opening on to the patio break up into convenient sizes the extensive areas of glass used in this room.

The house has been designed

to face north so the living-room and bedrooms get the morning sun and are cool and pleasant in the afternoon.

The streamlined kitchen is U-shaped to allow easy preparation of meals without interruption from cross-traffic. The meal alcove is well lit and is separate from the cooking area.

In the well-planned laundry there is room for all the modern conveniences. Washing-machine, twin tubs, drop-down ironing table, an opening to the linen cupboard, and access from either the bedrooms or back porch make it convenient and efficient.

A screen shuts off the drying lawn from the street view.

Bathroom, toilet, and laundry form a compact block that keeps plumbing costs to a minimum. The bathroom has a hand-basin built into one corner to gain

maximum light, with cupboard space beneath.

All three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes. The second and third bedrooms are designed so they can be added later as the family begins to grow.

Because they are at the rear of the house, these extra bedrooms could be built without greatly disturbing the life of the household.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

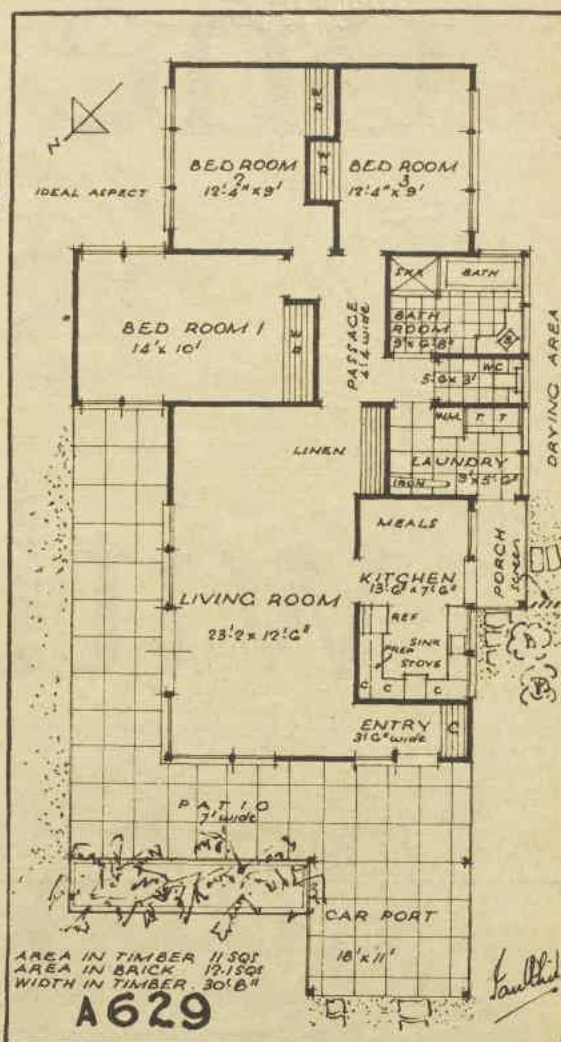
In New South Wales: Brick £5225; brick veneer £4750; timber £3875; fibro £3550.

In Victoria: Brick £4675; brick veneer £4275; timber £3450; fibro £3350.

In Queensland: Brick £5225; timber £3450; fibro £3325.

In South Australia: Brick £3800; asbestos £3275.

In Canberra: Brick £5325; brick veneer £4850; timber £3975.



FLOOR LAYOUT of our Home Plan No. A. 629 shows its convenient design. The well-equipped laundry has enough space to allow the housewife to work in comfort, and it is adjacent to the clothes-drying area.

## Prize-winning recipes you can try today using Sunshine full cream powdered milk

(Cut them out and paste in your cookery book.)

Here are recipes to give new interest to your cooking. Try them now! They're delicious and they're different, thanks to Sunshine. Pure, always-fresh Sunshine full cream powdered milk is so convenient for cooking. You can use it as a dry ingredient or, if you want it as the finest, richly creamy, natural milk in any quantity, just add water to the right amount and whisk.

A NESTLÉ'S Quality Product

Win £5 IN PRIZES WITH YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE!

### BANANA BOMBE

Mrs. W. M. Stevens, Private Road, Newtown Kadina, South Australia, wins £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products for this prize-winning recipe.

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 Pint Sunshine milk; 2 eggs; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 pkt. red jelly; 2 pint hot water (for jelly); 1 rounded dessertspoon gelatine; 1 tablespoon cornflour; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 extra dessertspoon sugar for egg whites; berries and bananas for garnishing

#### METHOD:

Separate yolks from egg-whites. Soften gelatine in 3 tablespoons boiling water and dissolve thoroughly. Combine egg yolks, sugar, cornflour, and blend with 3 cup milk. Boil the rest of the Sunshine milk and stir in the blended ingredients. Boil till it thickens. Cool and stir in gela-

tine. When the custard begins to set whip in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Flavour with vanilla. Pour into wetted mould. Make the jelly. When custard has set pour the hot jelly down the sides of the mould. When set, unmould and garnish with berries and bananas.



### RAISIN WINE TRIFLE

£5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products were won by this prize-winning recipe for Mrs. D. Day, 27 Buckley Street, Noble Park, Victoria.

**INGREDIENTS:** 6 ounces seeded raisins; 2 ounces blanched almonds; 2 tablespoons sherry (or orange juice if preferred); 1 sponge cake; 2½ cups water; 6 rounded tablespoons Sunshine powdered milk; 1 tablespoon sugar; pinch of salt; 1½ tablespoons custard powder; few drops almond essence.

#### METHOD:

Mince raisins and almonds. Moisten with sherry. Split sponge in half and spread with raisin wine mixture and put together again, place sponge in a fireproof dish. Beat water with powdered milk and place in saucepan. Add sugar and salt, bring to boil.

Blend custard powder with a little water. Stir into hot milk, add almond essence. Stir until custard thickens. Pour custard over sponge. Decorate with split almonds. Bake in a moderate oven (300 degrees) for 30 minutes. Chill and serve with cream.



Your favourite recipe, using Sunshine full cream powdered milk, could win you £5 worth of wonderful Nestlé's products. Write and send your entry now to Nestlé's, Box 1619, G.P.O., Sydney. Winners will be notified by letter and no recipes will be returned. All recipes

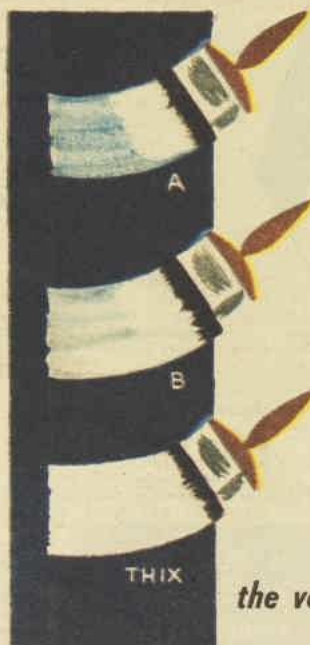
entered for this competition will be the property and copyright of Nestlé's, who reserve the right to publish prize-winning recipes in advertisements. No correspondence can be entered into and the decision of the judges is final. N61/58



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You can put the paints on the wallboard yourself — or we'll do it for you.

The different results will be no more exaggerated than the graph we show at left. Paints A and B give a "one coat" cover with varying degrees of success.

You'll see that Thix gives a completely satisfactory one coat cover in any colour with roller or brush.

**THIX**

the velvet paint for interior walls and ceilings





# Pineapple Recipe Contest

● Our Pineapple Contest, in which prizes totalling £1235 will be awarded for recipes containing pineapple, has already brought in thousands of recipes from readers, and hundreds more arrive in every mail. Below we publish the first three £5 progress prizes to be awarded weekly in each of the three sections of the Contest—Meat, Cakes, and Desserts.

## Meat Section

Progress Prize of £5 to M. Cairns, 2 Hampden Street, Brisbane Park, N.S.W., for: **PINEAPPLE BRAUN WITH BEVILLED MAYONNAISE**

Braun: One knuckle veal, pig's trotters, 1½ lb. shin beef, celery sprigs, herbs (marjoram, rosemary, bay leaf), salt and pepper, pineapple slices, 2 hard-boiled eggs, cucumber, radish roses, cucumber slices or extra salad vegetables as desired.

Mayonnaise: Two egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon mustard, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 1 to 1½ cups olive oil, 1 cup cream, ½ cup fresh pineapple pulp.

Place meat, bones, trotters, and seasonings into a large saucepan, cover with water and simmer until meat falls away from bones. Cool slightly, remove all bones and correct seasoning if necessary. Place half the pineapple cubes and hard-boiled egg slices in bottom of a wetted mould to form a pattern. Cover with half the braun mixture and pour a layer of remaining pineapple and egg. Fill mould with braun, press down and unmould in refrigerator until set. Unmould on to an attractively arranged platter of the salad vegetables, and serve with the pineapple-flavored mayonnaise.

Mayonnaise: Place egg-yolks, mustard, salt, and pepper in an earthenware or glass bowl with the vinegar and work to a smooth paste. Add oil very slowly and stir vigorously until all the oil is incorporated. Add cream and drained pineapple just before serving.

## Cake Section

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Day, 27 Buckley Street, Noble Park, Victoria, for:

### LUNCH DISH WINS £5

THE £5 prize this week in our readers' recipe contest is awarded for Creamed Egg and Prawn Bake, an appetising luncheon or supper dish.

Spoon measurements are level.

#### CREAMED EGG AND PRAWN BAKE

Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. flour, 2½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons grated horse-radish, 4 coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups chopped shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups crushed potato crisps, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Melt the 2oz. butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens, cook further 3 minutes. Season with salt, pepper, and horse-radish. Fold in eggs, prawns, and parsley; fill mixture into a greased ovenware dish. Mix melted butter with potato crisps, sprinkle over prawn mixture in dish. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly re-heated. Serve.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Ave., Holland Park, Qld.

## PINEAPPLE MINT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup castor sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon tinned pineapple juice, ½ cup milk, 2oz. crystallised pineapple.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and add well-beaten eggs; stir in flour sifted with baking powder and salt, adding alternately with pineapple juice and milk. Add chopped crystallised pineapple. Divide into 3 greased and lightly floured 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven 25

minutes. When cool, spread pineapple-mint butter between layers and over top and sides of cake.

To make pineapple-mint butter: Three tablespoons butter, ¾ cups sifted icing-sugar, ¾ cup drained crushed pineapple, 2 or more drops of peppermint essence, few drops green coloring.

Cream butter thoroughly, stir in sifted icing-sugar, adding alternately with crushed pineapple, beat until creamy. Add peppermint essence, tint pale green with green coloring.

## Dessert Section

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Strike, 3 Newman Street, Mortdale, N.S.W., for:

#### ALMOND CHARLOTTE

Seven or 8 double sponge fingers, 8oz. cream cheese, ¼ cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup finely chopped blanched almonds, ½ cup icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 cup cream, whipped, yellow food coloring, cherries, candied pineapple.

Lightly grease a large straight-sided mould and place a piece of greased paper in the bottom. Split sponge fingers in halves any other way.

lengthwise and place around sides of mould, cut side inwards. Beat cream cheese until smooth, slowly adding pineapple juice. Stir in almonds and icing-sugar and gelatine. Fold in the whipped cream, adding a little yellow coloring, and pour into mould. Chill until firm. Unmould on to a glass dish and decorate with cherries and pineapple pieces before serving.

Winning these £5 progress prizes will not mean that the recipes are out of the running for the big prizes.

They will still have a chance of winning one of the main prizes in their section, or even the Grand Champion Prize of £500 that is included in the £1235 total prizemoney.

Our Pineapple Contest will close on July 8 and the last of the weekly £5 Progress Prizes will be published in our issue dated July 16.

The main prizewinners will be announced in a later issue.

All you have to do to enter our Pineapple Contest is to send in a recipe or recipes containing pineapple.

Remember that pineapple is the one essential ingredient.

It can be used in any form — fresh, tinned, candied, juice, or in



## HOW TO ENTER

ANYONE can enter our Pineapple Contest.

The three sections are:

- MEAT
- DESSERTS
- CAKES

You can enter recipes in any or all of the three sections. The recipe selected by our panel of judges as the best will win the Grand Champion Prize of £500.

Here is the prize list: Grand Champion Prize (best recipe entered in competition) . . . £500

First Prize in each of the three sections, £100

Second Prize in each section . . . £50

Third Prize in each section . . . £20

Fourth Prize in each section . . . £5

Thirty £1 consolation prizes will be awarded in each section. In addition, three £5 progress prizes will be awarded.

Write your recipe or recipes clearly on a piece of paper, attach your name and address to each sheet, mark the recipe according to its section (Meat, Desserts, or Cakes), and send it to Pineapple Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please use Australian standard weight or cup measures. Use level spoon measures.

## MOTHER KNOWS BEST...

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BUY THE BIG BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

**DID YOUR FAMILY PROTEX THEMSELVES THIS MORNING?**





## Use **GOLDEN CIRCLE** PINEAPPLE PIECES in your **WOMEN'S WEEKLY** **RECIPE ENTRY**

HERE'S A RECIPE  
TO GIVE YOU IDEAS

### WISHING WELL CAKE

One cup drained **GOLDEN CIRCLE** Pineapple Pieces, 1 beaten egg, 2 ozs. butter (melted), 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup breakfast bran, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup pineapple syrup (juice from the can of pineapple).

Sift together flour, salt, spices, soda. Stir in sugar, bran and nuts. Combine beaten egg with pineapple pieces, syrup and melted butter. Add to dry ingredients and beat 1 minute. Bake in buttered ring cake pan in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Cool. Cover cake with deep swirls of a mint-flavoured, green-tinted icing.



**Golden Circle**  
*Sun-Drenched*  
**PINEAPPLE PIECES**  
AT YOUR STORE

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q

Continuing . . .

## The Faceless Adversary

from page 43

He had been buried, they told him. It was some time before they could dig him out. He had been unconscious for a time — they told him. He remembered opening his eyes in a field hospital, and of trying to answer a doctor who was talking to him.

"It was like being two people," he said. "One — still buried somewhere. Deep down. Trying to answer; thinking he had answered; not being heard. The other — the other somewhere else. Watching. As if from outside."

She merely nodded and waited.

"Apparently," he said, "it was merely a bad concussion — oh, a few things cracked here and there, but nothing that worried them. I tried to explain afterward, about being — well, in two parts — and they weren't particularly interested. Said there were all sorts of possible results from a concussion and that I was lucky. Lucky and, after a couple of months, fit for duty. But then the whole thing stopped. With the armistice."

"John," she said. "Why did you remember that, just now? Why do you tell me about that? Just now?"

"I don't know," he said. "I just thought of it. Wondered if —" He did not finish. He looked at her. His eyes were no longer dull. He looked at her intently.

"All right," she said. "You wondered whether — how should I put it? Whether you ever came back together again? Whether one of these — these two people — could have lived a different life? John — do you really wonder that?"

He looked at her very carefully.

"Not when you say it," he said. "Perhaps — never. But there's a kind of shadow."

"I never," Barbara Phillips said in a quiet voice, "heard anything so ridiculous in my life. Never in all my life." She looked at him; there was something like anger in her eyes. "You think I wouldn't know?" she asked him.

"I —" he said, and did not go on.

"Well?" She waited for him to answer. He did not answer in words. He drew her to him. He kissed her lips and held his own on them hard.

"All right," she said, when she could. "All right. Now let's go find this tree by the tennis court."

"If we do," John said, "we'll find this other Hayward in the branches. Wearing a showy sports jacket."

"Now at that," Barbara said, "I wouldn't be surprised. I wouldn't be surprised at all." He started the little car.

Detective Shapiro had talked to Miller. He had talked to Grady. He had talked to the desk sergeant at the barracks of Troop K, New York State Police. Miller — which probably would mean Grady — would talk to the police at Danbury, Connecticut, seeking co-operation.

Shapiro had had a dinner of sorts. Now he drove the small black sedan out of Brewster and along a road he had followed before, and up a narrow, winding road. Although things were going well enough, Shapiro felt dispirited. But I'm a sad man, he thought; everybody says so.

The chain across the Piermont driveway had been released. It lay, now, across the entrance to the drive. Shapiro found this interesting, and drove over the chain. When he had rounded a curve and so brought the house clearly in view, he discovered that there were sev-

eral lights burning in it. Then he stopped the car abruptly, since a tall man had appeared in the headlight beam. The tall man carried a shotgun. Shapiro leaned out of the window and looked at the man, and the man came towards him, holding the shotgun ready.

"Going some place?" the man said. He was not, Shapiro decided, an amiable man. There were many unamiable people in the world, which was one of the causes of Detective Shapiro's sadness. "Mr. Piermont at home?" Shapiro said. He hoped the man knew how to handle shotguns.

"Mister?" the man said. "Ain't no mister, mister. Died thirty years ago. Thought everybody —" He stopped, apparently stricken by a new idea. "You trying to sell something?" he said. "If you are, we don't want it."

Unamiable people, and negative people — the world is full of them, Shapiro thought. He sighed as he thought.

"No," he said. "I'm a policeman. Is there a Mrs. Piermont?"

"What if there is?" the man said. But he lowered the gun to a position where, if he happened to pull the trigger, he would probably shoot off his own right foot.

"Couple of hours ago," Shapiro said, "there was a young couple. They talked to a man who was clipping trees."

"Pruning," the man said. "Talked to me. So?"

"What did they ask you?" he said. He was patient, as well as sad.

THE man said, "About the Titus girl. Is it any of your business?"

"Yes," Shapiro said. "I'm afraid it is. What did you tell them?"

"What you think? That she isn't here. In Florida, with the old lady." He paused; he moved a step closer. He asked Shapiro if he was sure he was a policeman. Shapiro said he was quite sure. He held out his badge. He flicked a lighter so the man could see the badge.

"Looks like it," the man said. "Well — seems she ain't. On account of, the old lady's here. Just came back alone."

He looked at the badge again, very carefully. "Tell you," he said, "why'n't you go talk to the old lady? If it's about the girl?"

"That's a good idea," Shapiro said. "Why don't I?"

"Only maybe," the man said, "she don't want to talk to you. Cop or no cop."

"Maybe," Shapiro said. "Suppose I just drive —"

"Nope," the man said. "You stay here. I'll go ask her. If she wants to talk to you, she says so. See what I mean?"

"Yes," Shapiro said.

The man turned abruptly and walked up the drive. At the door of the house he waited for a minute or two, apparently for it to be opened. He went in. Almost immediately, he came out. He beckoned. Shapiro drove on up the drive. A tall old woman, who carried a cane and was dressed in a dark suit, stood at the door with the light behind her.

"You are prompt," she said when he went up on to the porch. Her voice was very old, but it was also without quaver. It was a weathered voice, as her face was a weathered face. "I telephoned only twenty minutes ago."

She turned and went into the house. The man who still carried the shotgun — if he pulled the trigger now he would get the left foot — motioned with his free hand. Shapiro

followed the old woman into the house. He followed her into a living-room.

"Sit there," she said, and indicated a rocking-chair. Shapiro cautiously sat in the rocking-chair. His mother had had a rocking-chair. She had been very proud of it.

"As I said," the old woman said, "you are very prompt."

"We try to be," Shapiro said. "Except —"

She waited. She had blue eyes, very sharp in the ancient face.

"I'm a detective," Shapiro said. "From the city, Mrs. Piermont." He spoke the name with a slight question in his voice. She did not respond to the question. "Detective Shapiro," he said. "We are trying to trace a young woman."

"Certainly," she said. "Why did you think I telephoned? My ward. My former ward, Julie Titus. Why are you beating around the bush, Mr. Shapiro? Why won't you come to the point?"

The point seemed slightly elusive. He tried to come to it.

"Apparently," he said, "you called the police. I didn't know about that. I —"

"Don't," she said, "tell me merely happened to be passing."

He was patient. He told her why he had come.

"Oh," she said. "Ebenzer told me about that. This young couple. Prying."

"Is Ebenzer —?" Shapiro began and was interrupted.

"The man you just talked to," she said. "Ebenzer Titus. He thought I was still in Florida. As if I didn't have any gumption. He's getting old, Ebenzer is. She's this girl that man killed, isn't she?"

"Your ward?" Shapiro said, and was asked in a sharp voice, who he supposed she meant. "We don't know who killed her," Shapiro said. "But — we don't know, either, that she was Miss Titus. She was known by a different name."

"Evans," Mrs. Piermont told him. "Nora Evans. Why do you think I came back? I explained all this to the officer. I talked to."

"Yes," Shapiro said. "But — suppose you explain it to me, Mrs. Piermont. I don't like to trouble you, but —"

"Young man," she said, "I am quite in the possession of my faculties." There was an implication that Shapiro was not. "If you will listen," she said. He nodded; he listened.

She had been in Bradenton when she read of the murder of a girl named Nora Evans. "I always read about murders," she said. "I am interested in human nature."

"Oh," Shapiro said, and listened.

"The name," she said. "The address. She had written me from there using that name — Evans. Saying she was married. I suppose that was not true?"

"There's nothing to show she was," Shapiro said. "You knew there was a point? Before, I mean?"

She had, she pointed out, just told him. Certainly she knew there was a man.

"Not," she said, "that she was straightforward. I hoped I had taught her that, but no. And for a moment, he thought, the weathered voice seemed about to falter. It was reinforced. "However, that may be," she said. "Many years in vain. But, what may we expect? Since she was in —"

She told him, now with no apparent emotion, of her adoption — except that it was not legally adoption — of the girl Julie Titus; of the pretty, red-haired little girl of Briggs Hill. It was news to Shapiro.

To page 53



# CONSIDER THE LILIES...

Liliums provide grace, beauty, and perfume for Australian gardens from November to April.

LILIUMS pay dividends for the gardener whether they are grown in large gardens, a small plot, or in pots indoors. One good auratum bulb will perfume a whole garden or be a fine floral arrangement on its own.

They are easy to grow, provided the gardener remembers that they originate from cool mountain slopes where drainage is good, where the soil is rich in leaf-mould, and where the direct rays of the summer sun are broken by foliage above them.

Like most mountain plants, they do not like lime at all—except *Lilium candidum*, the November lily, which will tolerate it.

The following points will be helpful to gardeners who are planning lily planting this year. Plant from May to August.

• Give them deep, cool planting with a pocket of bone meal 2in. under the bulbs.

• Plant the bulbs either in a bed where there are shrubs to keep the soil cool—azaleas or gardenias are suitable—or below the pockets of a rockery where their roots are shaded for a great part of the day.

• Liliums can be easily damaged if soil is stamped in too heavily. If spaces are left around them they are apt to harbor destructive pests. To avoid this, cover each bulb with a handful of fine sand, slightly dampened. The sand does not set too hard, gives

bulbs room to expand, and lets in a certain amount of moisture.

• Three or four months, or more, can pass between the first emergence of the shoots and flowering, by which time the plants may be four or five feet high, or more.

It is advisable to shade the young shoots until they are at least a foot high and hardened. This can be done by a light ground cover of annuals which do not root too deeply.

• Buy good-size bulbs and leave them where they are.

• If you have occasion to dig them up, they may be hard to find. Auratum bulbs particularly are inclined to find their own most suitable level.

• Liliums grow happily in combination with most other plants.

## GARDENING

Remember that many of them (*auratum*, *henryi*, *regale*, *speciosum*, *tigrinum* among them) produce roots from the stem above the bulb as well as below it. These are their principal water-collecting roots.

• Because of their great size and fleshiness they absorb a great deal of water, but it is best they do it gradually. Too heavy watering may induce rot.

• Being tall growers, liliums are more attractively grown in clumps. (Auratum is so strong and relatively expensive that they can be grown individually and staked.) If liliums are staked, place the stakes when the bulbs are planted to make sure the bulbs or their roots are not damaged.



• *Lilium speciosum rubrum* (above) is one of the most popular in Australian gardens. This variety flowers in February.

• *Crimson Queen*, a variety (left) of the *Lilium auratum*, one of the golden-rayed lilies of Japan. It is heavily perfumed and flowers in January.

• *Lilium philippinense* (right) is a large flowering lily and very fragrant. The stem is thick and woody, so it is not easy to manage as a cut flower. Flowers in April, later than most.



• *Lilium auratum*, the parent of the variety *Crimson Queen*, pictured above. It grows to 5ft. and flowers in January.

• *Lilium candidum*, the November lily, is a hardy, white-flowered species which blooms in November and December. It is wonderfully fragrant, popular for decorations. Pictures by Stirling Macoboy.

• *Lilium regale*, a very popular and easily grown lily. It has beautiful coloring, with deep yellow throat and waxy-pink petals outside. There is also a golden form. Regale flowers in December. Height 3ft.

• *Lilium tigrinum*, the old tiger-lily of the cottage gardens. It flowers in January and February, and is extremely hardy.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 28, 1951



## Continuing . . . The Faceless Adversary

from page 50

Ebenezer will drive me into the city. You will have the proper arrangements made?"

He would have the arrangements made, Detective Shapiro promised. He put the photograph in his pocket.

Everything had been thought of. Each hole was stopped. It came to that. For months — since at least the summer be-



"Oh, I just knew Oliver was sick. I heard them say something about a 'stroke'."

fore — someone had worked carefully, foresightedly, so that now each avenue which seemed to present itself led only more deeply into the trap. And it was still not evident to John Hayward, walking slowly home after garaging the car, what the purpose had been — the central purpose. To trap John Hayward? To kill a red-haired, pretty girl?

Driving back to the city through the spring night, they had stuck on that. (There had been no recurrence of the darkness of self-doubt, which was something — which was a great deal. As long as he was with

Barbara—and now it seemed that she was walking with him, although he had left her at her father's house — he did not think that would come back again.)

There was a plot which they could not fathom. And, John thought, until we know the reason, we cannot hope to know the plotter. He turned it over and over in his tired mind. If, he thought, I could work out one of the things—even one. A simple thing.

He went into the small lobby of the apartment house he lived in. The adversary must have gone in and out of the same lobby several times. He must have gone through it, and up to John's apartment, and into it to get the laundry-marked shirts.

He must have gone again to hang the sports jacket — worn many times, no doubt, and certainly in the restaurant to which Reverend Highbee had taken them—to hang it in the closet for the police to find and, as circumstances tightened the noose, make much of.

The adversary had a key. That was obvious. How he had got hold of it was not obvious. Nor was it obvious how he had, several times at any rate, got into and out of the apartment house unnoticed by the elevator operators.

There were only four apartments to the floor. If, several times, Harry or his alternate took a stranger to the same floor—the fifth — they might have become curious. At any rate, the adversary would have wanted to avoid —

Even before John went into the lobby he had realised that he would have to wait for the

elevator, which was not at the ground floor. Through the glass of the front door one could see the elevator door, and see it was closed. John had known this for years. Never before had he thought of it. The elevator car was trundling somewhere — and rather noisily — through the shaft. John would have to wait. Then he would ask Harry if he remembered —

But another thought broke in. He thought of the fire stairs. The foot of the stairway was in sight from the elevator, so that the operator — in the car or on his bench near the elevator gate — could see it. But not, evidently, when he had taken the car up with a passenger, or to get a passenger. So —

On impulse, to prove a self-evident point, John went to the staircase, opened the fire door, and climbed the cement stairs. So that part was easy, at least for a man vigorous enough to climb so many stair flights.

It was with the faint satisfaction of having proved something that John let himself into the apartment, and turned on the lights. He knew how the adversary had come in.

He found, and was annoyed to find, that he went into his own apartment tensed, as if to meet attack. But there was no attack. The apartment seemed empty. It took only seconds to find that it was as empty as it seemed. In the last few hours, at any rate, nothing new had happened — not here, within these familiar walls.

He remembered, then, that he had not looked in the hall closet. He opened the door—and found that, as he did so, he stood so that the door was

opening between him and the closet. He swore in exasperation as he realised what he had done. If this went on, he thought, I'll be looking under beds. He turned on the closet light.

The boldly patterned sports jacket was gone.

You get punchdrunk if it goes on long enough, John thought. The jacket had been there when he left in the morning. Now it was gone when he came home in the evening. Well—it was gone. Somebody had come in and taken it. And about this, John thought, I feel nothing in particular. It is as if I had all along expected it to happen. He closed the closet door.

I won't even think about it, John Hayward thought. I'll think of one thing at a time. I'll think about that tree.

And then he bolted the apartment door. Whoever went in and out at will — the adversary; probably the police — would not come in tonight. John Hayward, numbly, poured himself a small nightcap, took one sip from it and put it on a table and went into the bedroom and to bed. And almost, at once he went to sleep.

He awakened at a little before eight. He knew where the tree was. It was as simple as that.

He showered and shaved. He made himself breakfast. He felt much better. His mind was rested. And there was more than that.

In his mind, for the first time in many, many hours, there was a kind of confidence.

He was smoking his first cigarette when the telephone rang.

"You're all right?" Barbara said. "You sound all right."

"Better," he told her. "A

To page 55

## Rear engine gives dynamic power as

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# Continental soups

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### CHICKEN CROQUETTES

Cook 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in 1 1/2 cups boiling water 7 minutes. Cool. Boil 1 lb. potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using prepared soup. Add 1 cup diced, cooked cold meat and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Shape into croquettes on a floured board and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry till golden brown and serve hot with sauce and vegetables, as required.

CS.15.VVWPC



## The Faceless Adversary

[from page 53]

better. And—I've remembered about the tree. It's—  
told her where it was.  
Barbara said, "will be  
telling on the kerb."  
Since it was not the clean-  
woman's day, John washed  
dishes. He went out, lock-  
ing the apartment behind him.  
What good that would  
do? He walked towards the ele-  
vator and, when he was near,  
heard it rumbling in the shaft.  
He opened the door to the fire  
stair and went down them.  
In the stairwell, he could  
hear the elevator moving in its  
shaft. So—that was the way  
the adversary had got out un-  
noticed. He went on down the  
stairs, listening. The elevator,  
which had gone up, went down  
again. He waited out of sight  
near the foot of the stairs. He  
could hear the elevator doors  
open and the car start up  
again. John went out of the  
apartment house, pleased with  
his point proved. It was  
a bright morning. He walked  
two blocks to the garage.  
He ran the Corvette out into  
the sunshine.  
Barbara Phillips was, quite  
usually, waiting at the kerb.  
He wore a yellow suit, which  
somehow seemed the color of a  
bright morning.  
They drove north into West-  
chester to find a tree by a ten-  
nis court.

Grady rang the bell. When  
it was not answered, he kept  
ringing. Shapiro, who looked  
tired and even more sad than  
usual, leaned against the wall.  
"Seems like he's not there,"  
Grady said with satisfaction,  
and Shapiro made agreeing  
sounds.

Grady knocked on the  
apartment door and waited,  
and knocked again. Then he  
took a key out of his pocket  
and unlocked the door and they  
went in. Just inside, Grady  
spoke John Hayward's  
name. He was not answered.  
"Been here," Shapiro said.  
"Not long ago, either. Smoked  
a cigarette."

"The educated nose," Grady  
said. "Also, he slept here.  
Didn't make the bed. Tut.  
Tut."

Grady went to the hall closet  
and opened it. He said, "Uh-  
huh" and took the boldly pat-  
terned sports jacket off a  
hanger. He carried it back to a  
window and they looked at it.  
There was a rent in the back,  
and a small piece of the  
material was missing. Grady  
took an envelope out of his  
jacket and fitted a small piece  
of colored wool where a piece  
was missing.

"Nice," Grady said. "Isn't  
it nice, Nate?"

"Fit," Shapiro said. "Every-  
thing fits, you notice."

"That's what makes it nice,"  
Grady told him. He put the  
piece of cloth back in the en-  
velope and the envelope in his  
jacket. He put the jacket over  
his arm.

"Anything else we want?"  
he said, and looked around.

Shapiro shook his head  
sadly. They went out of Hay-  
ward's apartment and locked  
the door after them. They  
went down the corridor to the  
elevator and rang for it.

"You," Grady said to Harry,  
when Harry brought the car  
up. "When did Mr. Hayward  
come in last night?"

"Last night?" Harry said.

"You want to know when he  
came in last night?"

"You're bright," Grady said.

"Mr. Hayward, last night."

"Far as I know," Harry said,  
he didn't come in. Anyway,  
he didn't take him up."

"You were on all night?"

"Like always," Harry said.  
"On at nine. Supposed to go off

at nine. And look what time  
it is."

Grady looked. It was nine-  
thirty.

"Like always," Harry said.

"Comes when he wants to. Me,  
I stay till he comes."

"It's very tough," Grady  
said. "But you probably get  
some shut-eye."

"So if I do," Harry said.

"They want to go up, they  
want to go down, they wake  
me up. Mr. Hayward didn't  
go up. Or down."

"All the same," Grady said,  
"he was in the apartment."

"Anyway," Shapiro said,  
"somebody was."

Harry didn't know about  
that. All he knew was—He'd  
told them what he knew.

"Course," Harry said. "Sup-  
pose he could have used the  
stairs. Don't know why he  
would."

"Maybe," Shapiro said, "he  
didn't want to wake you up."

At that Harry laughed with  
derision.

"Or maybe," Grady said, "he  
didn't want anybody to know  
what time he got in. Or went  
out."

"How," Harry said, "would  
I know? You want to go  
down?"

They went down. Harry  
stopped the car. "Mr. Hay-  
ward wear this coat much?"

### Notice to Contributors

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Grady asked, and lifted the arm  
with the jacket on it. Harry  
looked at it. He shook his  
head.

"Nice piece of merchandise,"  
Harry said. "Like they say.  
No, I never saw him wear it."

"Sure you did," Grady said.

"Must've."

"Listen," Harry said, "I  
know what I see."

"Just think about it," Grady  
said. "Must've seen him wear-  
ing it. It'll come back."

Harry shook his head.

"O.K.," Grady said. "When  
he comes in, call us. Here's  
the number." He gave Harry  
a card. "Going off," Harry  
said. "If he ever gets the  
lead out." He was told to pass  
the word along.

"Funny he can't remember,"  
Shapiro said, in the police car,  
which was an unidentified black  
sedan.

"Lying," Grady said. "You  
know how these guys are, Nate.  
Figure they admit anything it  
puts them in a jam."

"Maybe," Shapiro said.

They drove three blocks to a  
garage. The Corvette they  
sought was not there. The  
space it occupied, on the ground  
floor, was shown them. Regu-  
lars like Mr. Hayward simply  
drove into allotted spaces.

Easier all round. Late at night  
there was only one man on and  
he was usually upstairs wash-  
ing cars. Last night's man was  
off by then, but he had a tele-  
phone. He was sleepy, but he  
answered it.

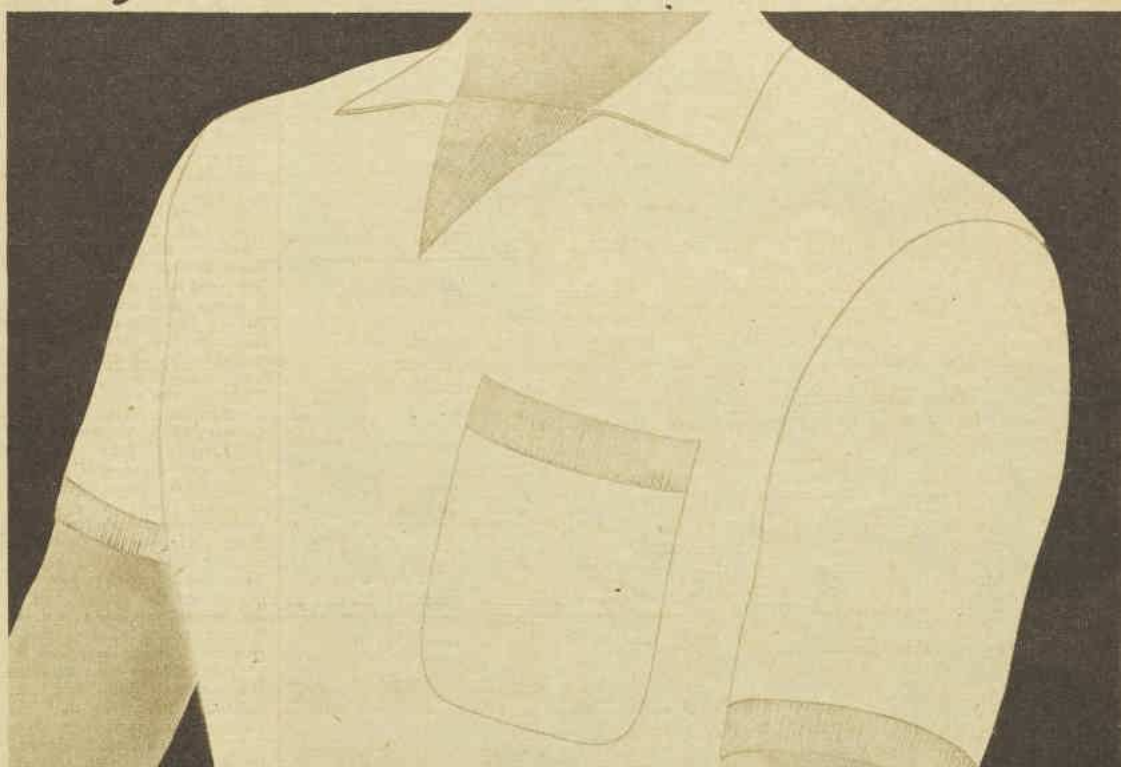
Probably the Corvette had  
been in during the night. It  
seemed, but dimly, that he re-  
membered seeing it around  
seven in the morning, when he

To page 56

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TOP-GRADE, LINOLEUM-TYPE FLOOR COVERING

Continuing . . .

## The Faceless Adversary

[from page 55]

went across the street for a cup of coffee. But he couldn't swear to it. Maybe that was yesterday morning. What it came to, you got so you didn't notice.

"Nice convenient place to pick up a car if you wanted one," Grady told Shapiro.

"Where isn't?" Shapiro said.

The alarm went out — John Hayward, thirty-two, five-eleven, eleven stone six; light brown hair; probably driving a 1955 Corvette. Wanted for questioning re suspected homicide.

It was a few minutes before eleven when John Hayward said, "This looks like it," and turned the Corvette on to a narrow, black-topped road some distance above Katonah. The road skirted a lake. It was a pretty lake, set among hills. After a time, on the side away from the lake, there was the rolling green of a golf course, with golfers walking on it. Then, on the right, there was a dignified sign: "Carabec Country Club. Members only."

"Trespass," John told Barbara, and drove the car between posts, into a parking lot in which there were half a dozen cars and room for a hundred. He stopped with the bumper against a log barrier. They did not need to leave the car to see the courts—and to see, behind, bending above, the farthest court, a great maple tree just coming into leaf.

"I must have been standing about there," John said, and pointed. "Whoever took the picture must have been about —" He hesitated. "There," he said, and again pointed. "Near the caddy house."

"You remember?" Barbara said. "Not the picture," John said. "I mean, not anyone taking it. The rest—yes, pretty much." He paused. "It's Hank Roberts' club," he said. "He brought me over. It was—it was the last weekend in August. I think. It was hot as Hades and—"

Roberts had made the suggestion at the office, Friday afternoon. It had been a dull, rather lazy, afternoon; an afternoon of marking time, waiting for the weekend to begin. He and Hank Roberts had begun talking of tennis, starting, as he remembered, with discussion of the approaching national championships at Forest Hills. And Roberts had asked what he had on for the next day.

For the next day, John had had on only the Shipmans — a beach party in the evening at Southport, in Connecticut, on the Sound. "Tell you what," Hank Roberts said, and told him what—he was to get up early for once. On his way to Southport he would drive to Lake Carabec and get in some tennis.

There were some pretty good players who were always around on Saturdays. Hank would tell him how it was, and did. The same group played pretty much every weekend; good group and good game. But it brightened things to get a new man in. And, after all, it was "more or less" on John's way to Southport.

John had agreed. He remembered it all quite clearly now, sitting in the car beside Barbara, looking at the tennis courts, and the tree which shadowed the farthest. On the court surface now there was only a splattering of leaf shadows. In August the shade had been dense on half the court.

Out of that heavy shade tennis balls had seemed to leap, as if newly created. And into it, when one played that side,

balls seemed to plunge as the light was erased from them. But it was cooler in the shade.

"Oh," Barbara said. "That night. When we first —"

She did not finish, but took John's hand instead, and her slender fingers twined with his. It had not, at the Shipmans', on the beach at the Shipmans' club, been the first time she and John had met. Or perhaps, when one thought of it, it had been.

"I remember now," she said. "You said something about having been playing tennis. You started to say something about playing tennis and then — then you didn't go on with it."

(It had been warm on the beach. They had been in the water and had come out of it and were lying on the beach a little way from the others. Their hands had touched, almost as if by accident. It had been their hands' first meeting.)

"I got here," John said, "about — oh, between ten-thirty and eleven. Hank had said ten, said they always started at ten. But I had a little trouble finding the place."

They had been finishing a set when John arrived — Hank Roberts and three other men, all much like Hank Roberts; all much like John Hayward. When the set was finished Hank had taken him to the locker room and he had changed and hung up the clothes he had been wearing in a locker. He could remember very clearly — there had been no lock on the locker. On lockers vacant for the use of guests there was never a lock. In a club it didn't matter. That was the theory, anyway. He had never had cause to question the theory.

HE had got in a double game about eleven or a little after, playing as Roberts' partner. "We won," he told Barbara. "Too easily. After that we switched around."

The group had not been static. One man had been summoned to help take children to the beach; another had moved in. No one of them had played continuously; it had been pleasant from time to time to sit in the shade, sip at a beer — slowly, since beer interferes with timing — and watch. It had been after one when they knocked off for lunch.

Since they could eat outside, planned to play again after eating, they had not bothered to change. There had been six of them, in chairs on the lawn around a table eating sandwiches with a drink or two to wash food down. It had been lazy, relaxed. By that time he had been John to the others, except for one man who preferred Johnny.

"But," Barbara said, "you didn't really know them?"

Only Hank Roberts, really. If his life depended on it — He paused. "As," he said, "maybe it does." He was told not to be ridiculous. Well, then, if his life depended on it he could not remember the names of any of the others. Not now. He could not remember their names or what they looked like, except that they looked like members of a club like Carabec.

The two were silent for a time, sitting in the small car in the sun, trespassers at the Carabec Country Club looking at a tree-shaded tennis court.

"Right about there," John said, and pointed again. "I would have been standing near the net post. Perhaps we were changing sides."

"But you don't remember anyone taking pictures?"

He did not.

"Mr. Roberts," she said.

"Does he?"

"I don't know," John said.

"I don't remember his ever making a point of it, anyway."

"But," she said, "he was around all the time. You played tennis with him. Had lunch with him — and those others?"

He hadn't, he said, made it clear. That was generally true. But in some of the sets Roberts had not played. It was rather, John said, like being dummy on a bridge. And, engrossed in the game, those who were dummies paid little attention to the one — or to the two — who were. And —

He interrupted himself. "Pit Woodson was around," he said. "Mentioning of bright made me think of it. He was on the porch." He looked around at the clubhouse. "There," he said, and pointed to the porch, from which one could, if one chose, look across the tennis courts. "Pit was bridge, of course. And — Dick Still was one of the playing. I didn't know the others. I remember Pit and me and gave a kind of salute and said something to Dick and Dick did, too. I wiggled my racquet at them."

Later, as the tennis players were going back to it after lunch, he had said hello to Dick Still and Pit, who had left the porch but had lunch there. Pit had said something about the club, meaning the Harvard Club, being hopeful on Saturday afternoons in the summer and had suggested the later John might want to join. "Maybe," John said, meaning a syllable of it.

"Most of the time, anyway," Barbara said, "Mr. Roberts was around?"

"Sure," John said, and then "no." Wait. After lunch he said he had an errand to do and that we had enough with out him. Which we had. He came back just as we were knocking off — around four maybe."

Then they had showered as changed. A little before five John had driven across Ridgefield and then down through the rolling Connecticut hills to Route 1 and off beyond Westport, to the pleasant little village of Southport. (Carabec had not really been on his way.)

"While you —" Barbara began and stopped. She watched a youngish man dressed for golf, walk to a car and put his bags in it. He saw them. He waved heartily. They waved back. He got in the car and drove off.

"A big, happy family," Barbara said.

"He assumes we're members," John said, and was told of course, they looked like members. Probably, Barbara said, it was crowded on weekends.

"It was that weekend," John said.

"Members," she said. "Guests of members. And — who would prevent people like us who look as if we might be members, merely walking in. So long as they didn't try to charge food or drinks?"

"I don't know there's anything," John said. "Except people don't."

She smiled at that. He caught the smile.

"All right," he said. "It's still true." He considered. "Generally," he said, and at that he smiled again, thinking slowly he was learning — as

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STEPHEN BOYD as Dove, who killed the German.



ANNA GAYLOR as Lise, who found someone who needed her.



TONY WRIGHT as Jim, who contacted the mysterious Dr. Martout.

FILM  
PREVIEW

# "SEVEN THUNDERS"

● ● ● Every man was an enemy  
—until he proved himself a friend.

## THE STORY

**T**OWARDS the end of World War II the labyrinth back streets of the old quarter of Marseilles concealed many Allies escaping from occupied Europe.

Support for the Resistance, which organised these escapes, came from many quarters, not all of them respectable. But no one doubted the heroic qualities

of the bearded Dr. Martout—a role played with relish by James Robertson Justice.

Boyd, one of two escaping Britishers, kills a German while dodging a patrol in the city.

In retaliation the Germans order the area to be cleared before blowing it up.

This Rank Organisation film introduces young French actress Anna Gaylor to English pictures.



Escaped British prisoners-of-war Wright and Boyd, hiding in a tumbledown house in the old quarter of German-occupied Marseilles, are supplied with food by a friendless little waif (Anna Gaylor).



Fearful that the ordered evacuation of the quarter will ruin their chances of escape, Wright takes the rash step of making contact with the locally celebrated hero Dr. Martout.

While an escape boat waits at the harbor, Anna, Boyd, and the wounded Wright are caught in a fury of sound and crashing walls as the first explosions rock the district.



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Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain. That's why corn tastes best. That's why corn is best. And that's why Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the most tempting and the most sustaining breakfast you could ever serve! Each big crisp, golden flake is packed with richer, deeper flavour... crammed with the kind of lasting energy every member of your family needs day after day. In fact, scientists say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as two big helpings of bacon and tomatoes.

**Memo to Mothers:** If anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's *you*! So — make those crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes *your* steady breakfast date, too.

**FULL OF ENERGY  
FROM THE SUN**



# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



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**HURRY!** Contest  
closes **MAY 31<sup>ST</sup>**

Continuing . . .  
**The  
Faceless  
Adversary**

from page 56

thinking that, along with other things, he was very nice.  
"If you mean could anyone club member or guest or plain outsider, walk in with a camera and take a picture of me," John said, "I'd say the answer is yes."

He looked at her and his eyes narrowed a little.

"And," he said, "if you mean could anyone have walked into the locker room and taken anything he wanted out of some body's pockets — my pocket — the answer to that is yes, too. If he'd known which locker I was using."

"Mr. Roberts knew," she said.

"Actually," he said, "they aren't more than a dozen open lockers. Anybody with time enough could find what he wanted. The tailors put buyers' names on labels in pockets," he said. "Usually. Anyway mine does."

"And," she said, "your keys were in your pocket. Weren't they?" He nodded. "And you were here for hours. And any one who wanted to could get your keys and have duplicate made somewhere — Katona probably — and be back in — in how long, John?"

"An hour," he said. "Probably less than an hour."

"We're learning a little," she said. "Aren't we, John?"

He nodded. But he added that they were learning little

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

that was more than a kind of filling in. The photograph could have been taken, he knew, abstracted and duplicated by anyone — by Hank Roberts or Pit Woodson or Dick Still, certainly, but also by almost any man who looked like a country club member. And that the man did, they already knew.

"Well," she said, "we'll just have to ask some more people."

"I suppose," John said. He started the car. He backed it in a circle and headed out of the parking area. He turned right, towards Katonah, on the road which skirted Lake Carabec.

They had gone perhaps a mile when a siren sounded behind them — sounded imperiously. John pulled to the right, almost on the narrow shoulder, to let the demander pass.

The State Police car passed and turned in to block the Corvette. John stopped and a uniformed trooper got out of the car. He came towards the Corvette. He had a pleasant face, which displayed no animus. He looked, John thought, as if he might be planning to sell tickets to a policeman's ball.

"Mr. Hayward?" the trooper said. "Mr. John Hayward?"

He was not selling tickets to a policeman's ball.

"Yes," John said.

"They want to talk to you," the trooper said still pleasantly. "Like you to come with us."

"Where?" John said.

"Hawthorne," the trooper said. "But we'll take you there, Mr. Hayward. You just come along and get in." There was still no animus in his voice. "The lady can take care of

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## Rinso WASHER-A-DAY JINGLE CONTEST



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National Washing Machine Month comes round again in May, my friend  
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# Overseas movie studio news

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

FOR some years now Peter Finch has been known to be as keen to direct as to act. He's finally succeeded in getting the required financial backing, and when he finishes his co-starring role with Audrey Hepburn in "The Nun's Story," Peter will stay on in Rome to direct and star in the first film for his own company, Peter Finch Enterprises. The picture is to be called "Mr. Bibby."

"DON QUIXOTE," the last project of Mike Todd, now is definitely off as far as Mike's son and his widow, Elizabeth Taylor, are concerned. Despite the vast

amounts of money already spent in preparation, Mike Todd, jun., who now heads his late father's production company, says that there's now no chance of the film being completed. But he'd like to follow his father into picture making, just the same.

**FRIENDS** of Rock and Phyllis Hudson are grieved to hear that as well as divorcing they are to air their other disagreements in court. Phyllis, who did not seem too happily fixed financially following their separation, is said to have infuriated Rock by charging to him a Ford Thunderbolt she claims he promised her during their marriage. Following this Rock announced that he would no longer be responsible for the debts incurred by Phyllis.



QUIZZING GLASS is used by Dirk Bogarde to observe Dorothy Tutin during a free afternoon from filming "A Tale of Two Cities" on location in the French countryside.

## New Film Releases

### ★ BITTER VICTORY

Columbia war drama, with Curt Jurgens, Richard Burton. Capitol, Sydney.

WHEN British military headquarters in Cairo cannot find the ideal man to lead a highly dangerous raid on German headquarters in Benghazi, they send both Jurgens and Burton, with Jurgens in command.

Jurgens, a professional soldier who has hitherto avoided fighting, has just suffered the twin indignities of discovering that Burton and his wife have been in love and that Burton knows he is a coward.

A promising enough beginning—if the rest of the film had been developed with skill. But, unfortunately, this is not the case.

With an inferior lighting that leaves the screen a uniform murky grey, and a curious absence of close-ups of speakers other than the stars, there are long periods when it is almost impossible to know what is happening.

This is especially so during what should be the exciting raid on the German headquarters.

Ruth Roman plays the minor role of Jurgens' W.A.A.F. wife.

Occasional snatches of dialogue indicate that the actors were working from what once must have been a competent and literal script.

In a word . . . LOSER.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

### ★ THE GREEN-EYED BLONDE

Warner teenage drama, with Susan Oliver, Linda Plowman. Palace, Sydney.

IT'S those teenagers again, and this time a reformatory full of girls, all of whom, the semi-sentimental, semi-factual approach suggests, are there because of unfortunate family backgrounds.

The arrival of a teenage unmarried mother, Linda Plowman, is followed by that of her unwanted baby, smuggled into the institution by an inmate known for obvious reasons as "Cuckoo," nicely played in an awkward way by Norma Jean Nilsson.

The baby's arrival turns a dormitory of tough girls into doting mothers.

When he is discovered and removed to an orphanage, the girls stage a grand-scale riot and the leader, "Greeneyes" (played with striking promise by Susan Oliver), breaks out to keep a tragic tryst with her ex-gaolbird boyfriend.

Half out-and-out shocker, half unabashed tear-jerker, there is every now and again a suggestion that with a little rewriting this could have been a very different film.

In a word . . . MIXED-UP.



CLOWNING STARS. During a break in filming of "Imitation General" Taina Elg and pixie-faced Red Buttons entertain to the music of the old-fashioned gramophone.



DAUGHTER of former star Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth visits her husband, Gig Young, in his studio dressing-room. Gig will be seen next in "Teacher's Pet," with Clark Gable.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 28, 1958



Continuing . . . .

## The Faceless Adversary

from page 60

your car." He looked at Barbara Phillips. "That right, Miss?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "But—" "Listen," John said, "they've been all over it. Over it and over it."

"So?" the trooper said. "I wouldn't know, Mr. Hayward. Except, how could they? Whoever 'they' are! Because it only happened last night, didn't it?"

There was a long pause. Then John Hayward said, "What happened?" He could hear caution in his own voice, and a kind of apprehension.

"Mrs. Piermont got killed," the trooper said. "That's what they want to talk to you about, Mr. Hayward. Seems they think maybe you killed her."

He was still mild of voice; still noncommittal of voice. But then he said, "All right. Come along, Mr. Hayward," and his voice, although still there was no comment in it, was a policeman's official voice. "Come along and get in."

John Hayward went along and got in. They drove him to Hawthorne.

There they kept him waiting. He sat on a wooden bench in the barracks of the State Police. A trooper sat beside him, waiting, too. Finally, another trooper came to a door and said, "All right. You can come in now." It was rather as if John had sat in a dentist's reception room, waiting his turn.

He went into a bare room, with several chairs along one wall and a table in the centre. There were chairs at the table. Miller was in the room and Grady and a State trooper with sergeant's chevrons. "Well," Grady said, "here we are again, Mr. Hayward. What did you kill her for? An old lady like Mrs. Piermont?"

"Mrs. Piermont?" John said. "I didn't kill her."

"Didn't kill anybody," Grady said. "Makes it—"

"All right," Miller said. "Take it easy. It seems, Mr. Hayward, that you do know Mrs. Piermont's dead?"

"Yes," John said. "The trooper told me." He was careful again, watchful again.

"You were there yesterday," Miller said, "asking about her. Why?"

"We—" John said.

"You and the girl," Miller said. "Yes, asking about Mrs. Piermont. And about the Titus girl. I suppose it was the only thing you could do, after Miss Phillips found the dress. Play along with her. Play innocent. Did you think if you killed

Mrs. Piermont nobody could identify the Titus girl?"

"No," John said. "That would have been stupid, wouldn't it? Probably a dozen people could say Nora Evans was Julie Titus. If she was."

"So," Miller said, "you admit knowing she was. But I suppose you say you didn't know her, either. Didn't take her to the restaurant around here and bump into this preacher. Didn't get her to come to New York with you, and use another name, and live with her. Why the name change, Mr. Hayward?"

"I don't know," John said. "I don't know anything about

I admire the English because they prefer animals to men, because they do not turn and stare at lovers, and because they have, each one of them, the feeling of being part of a great Empire. I see in that the proof of simple goodness, of respect for the personality of others, and of a true greatness.

—Paul-Henri Spaak (Belgian)

it. I've been trying to find out."

Grady swore violently.

"Take it easy," Miller told him. "Suppose you tell Mr. Hayward about this new one, sergeant. Since he doesn't know anything about it."

"Sure," the sergeant said. "Why not? It was this way, Mr. Hayward. 'Long about—"

Along about two o'clock that morning, or a little after two, Ebenezer Titus — yardman, occasional chauffeur for Mrs. Piermont — had been awakened in his room over the garage. He had been awakened by the sound of a shot coming from the house.

He had put on a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes, and had started towards the house, running. But he had heard the sound of other running feet and had turned in pursuit. Almost at once, however, he had changed his mind, deciding whoever was running already had too great a start. He had turned back towards the house,

and had seen that the front door was open and that light was streaming through the door.

He had called Mrs. Piermont's name as he ran towards the house and into it. Then he had stopped calling, seeing she could not hear. She lay sprawled in the hall, near the foot of the stairs, and her head was blown open. It didn't take a doctor to tell she was dead. He went around the body. He called the police.

It did not take much of a search to find the way the fleeing murderer had gone. He had run across a field and gone under a barbed-wire fence — but not cleanly under the fence.

"O.K.," Miller said, and took a loosely wrapped package from the table and unwrapped it. He dangled a boldly patterned sports jacket from his big hands.

"Seen this before, haven't you, Mr. Hayward?" he said.

"Yes."

"Yours, isn't it?"

"No. It isn't mine. We've been over that."

"Show him, Grady," Miller said, and Grady took an envelope from his pocket and strands of wool, in two colors, from the envelope.

"On a barb in the fence," Miller said. "Fits. See?" He showed the back of the coat and a rent in the back. He said, "Well, Mr. Hayward?"

"When I got home last night the jacket wasn't there," John said. "When I left this morning it wasn't there. Where did you get it?"

"Tell him, Grady," Miller said. Grady told him.

"So you see how it is," Miller said. "Where were you at about two o'clock this morning, Mr. Hayward?"

"At home," John said. "In bed."

"Sure," Miller said. "About what time would you say you got home, Mr. Hayward?"

John thought. He guessed it at about eleven.

"Sure," Miller said. "Then you're all right. Out of it. All we've got to do is have the elevator man say what time he took you up, and that he didn't take you down again. That's right, isn't it?"

"No," John said. He spoke very slowly. "I walked up."

"Walked up?" Miller said, and his tone was full of innocent surprise. "Now, how did you happen to do that, Mr. Hayward? Just tell us about walking up."

To be concluded

## OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



DAINTY FLORAL MOTIFS specially designed to decorate baby clothes and furnishings are featured on Embroidery Transfer No. 143. These are all very easy to embroider and would make a welcome gift on clothes for a new baby. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.



DREAMS that never fade

Just like the soft pastels and plain contemporary colours or softly blended multi-coloured checks of Warrnambool Pure Wool Blankets.

Mothproofed and Guaranteed for 15 years. Obtainable at all good Stores.

COT KING  
PURE  
VIRGIN WOOL  
FOR SOFT  
'CUDDLY'  
COMFORT



FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT  
MOTHPROOFED . . . . PURE WOOL

Like the sun for warmth,

Like fur for softness,

Like the rainbow for beauty,

Like forever for strength.

Also Makers of Fine Woollens and Rugs.



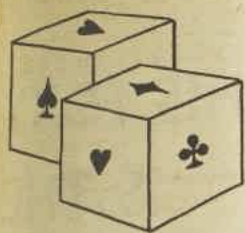
FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT  
MOTHPROOFED . . . . PURE WOOL

Agents for Vic., Tas., N.S.W. and Q'land — Sargood Gardiner Ltd.

Agents for S. Aust. and W. Aust. — G. & R. Wills & Co. Ltd.



# YOU CAN COUNT ON THIS



**THIS** little trick requires only that you know how to count up to 25. So, if you can't count, just move across the page to the next trick.

**FIRST STEP:** Take a deck of 52 cards. Shuffle them thoroughly and then hold them face down in your left hand.

Turn up the first card and lay it on the table, face up. Let's say it's an 8. Add cards, one by one, until you have counted to 13. That means you have added five cards to that 8-spot. Turn this stack face down.

Turn up the next card of the deck. Suppose this time it's a 3. To reach 13 you will have to add 10 cards. Now turn that stack face down and start another.

Continue in this way, always turning up a card from the remainder of the deck to start a new stack, and adding enough cards to count out to 13.

Give an Ace a numerical value of 1, King 13, Queen 12, Jack 11, and all other cards their face value.

You can see that if you should turn up a King to start a new stack you would add no cards at all to it; it would constitute a stack of its own. You would add one card to a Queen, 2 to a Jack, etc.

At last you will not have enough cards to form another stack. Hold these left-over cards in your left hand. (It doesn't matter if you come out exactly even.)

**SECOND STEP:** Ask someone to hand you all except three of the stacks on the table. Add the cards he hands you face down to the left-overs you are holding.

**THIRD STEP:** Now ask him to turn over the top cards of any two of the three other stacks. Silently add their combined values to 10. Suppose, for example, the cards turned up are a 3 and a Queen. Together they add to 15. Add 10 and you have a key number of 25.

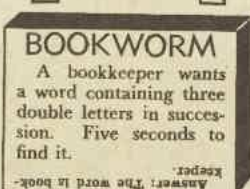
Announce that you are going to run through the cards in your hand quickly, without looking at them.

When you are finished you will be able to tell the denomination of the top card of the third stack!

**HOW TO DO IT:** As you run through the cards in your hand count off a number equal to the key number. (In this example, 25.)

Then count the cards that remain. That number will give you the denomination of the top card of the remaining stack.

**SUGGESTION:** The trick is more effective if you do all the counting mentally.



## Roll out the barrel of fun

**THERE** is a barrel full of water. Your job is to take out enough water to leave the barrel exactly half full.

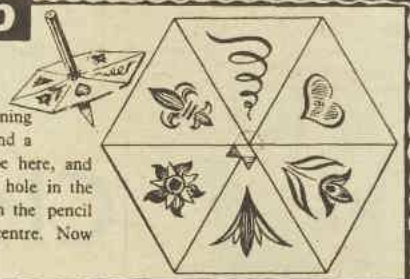
How, without any measuring devices, can you do this? Time allowed is one minute.

**Solution:** This barrel already until so much water has run out that the bottom edge comes into sight. The barrel will then be exactly half full.

## THINGS TO DO

### A Spinning Top

You can very easily make this spinning top. All you need is a pencil and a piece of card. Cut out the shape here, and stick it on to thick card. Make a hole in the middle. Colour it gaily, then push the pencil point through the hole in the centre. Now your top is all ready to spin.



## ON TAP

• Here's a sure-fire party trick that requires only nine cards—any nine—and a keen, sharp-eyed accomplice.

**THE PROCEDURE:** Choose an accomplice. Explain how the trick works (out of earshot of others, of course). Then ask him to leave the room.

Lay out the cards in a square, three by three, face down.

Have someone in the audience point to one of the nine cards. Call back your accomplice. Now, without a word and just by tapping the cards one by one, you will be able to tell the position of the selected card.

**HOW IT WORKS** (refer to the illustration): You have explained it to your accomplice that he must think of each card in the square as having nine key spots. These points correspond to the relative positions of the nine cards.

He is to watch closely where you place your finger on the first card you tap. The point you touch indicates the position of the selected card.

**FOR EXAMPLE:** Someone has picked card 4 while your accomplice was out of the room. When he returns you begin tapping the cards; it doesn't matter which card you start on. But on the first card you tap, you put your finger on point 4. Get it?

**SUGGESTIONS:** You will find that every one will have his own theory as to how it works. Invariably someone will ask you to tap the chosen card first, to jam any possible code. This, of course, presents no difficulty at all. Nor does the request not to look at your accomplice while tapping cards.

Be careful, however, that your finger doesn't stay too long on the key spot of the first card you tap.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

**Why LAXETTES are a better laxative**



Every mother looks for a children's laxative that's **SAFE**—thorough—and gentle. When she discovers Laxettes, she has found it. Laxettes give an easy, thorough, cleansing motion. They never gripe—never upset the tummy—are not habit forming. And they're so easy to take—just like eating chocolate. Give **YOUR** children Laxettes.



**Staisweet**  
Stay as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**

# NEW! A home-waving miracle CREST FOAM NEUTRALIZER



**NO DRIPS! NO MESS! QUICKEST, GENTLEST OF ALL**

It's a rich foam that clings to the curl and penetrates thoroughly... leaves hair supple, shinier-than-ever



**Crest FOAM Neutralizer**  
thoroughly penetrates each curl

So simple... just dab it on and it's absorbed immediately, ensuring a fully-processed, lovelier wave... cuts finishing time to 5 minutes.



**Crest FOAM Neutralizer**  
has special Vitalizing Action

Enriched, creamy bubbles frothing through your hair give it life and strength. Every strand is left luxuriously lustrous and healthy.



See what this revolutionary process does for your hair! Crest's new Foam Neutralizer penetrates each curl more thoroughly and quickly. Your wave lasts longer, looks its loveliest day after day. And Crest's exclusive vitalizing action makes waves and curls so glossy and obedient, you'll be able to comb your hair into all the pretty new styles you've been longing to try.

Look for the new Crest with Foam Neutralizer in all Chemists and Department stores  
Refill 13/6 Junior 9/-

**CREST HOME PERMANENT**  
— the choice of lovely Air Hostesses





**New!**

—a shampoo that conditions as it cleans ...

**clean & sweet**

by POND'S

—a fragrant one lather lotion



Feel your hair with its silky new texture — as it falls beautifully into place after a Clean & Sweet shampoo.

**P.V.P.**—the conditioner in Clean & Sweet makes a dazzling difference.

P.V.P. is precious! It's the American-developed conditioner in Pond's Clean & Sweet that lingers after rinsing and counteracts the harsh effects of Australian weather.

Clean & Sweet is a fabulous new pearly white lotion shampoo ... with one fast lather it keeps your hair and scalp **healthy** — as well as tingling clean.

Fabulous Clean & Sweet comes in a graceful bottle — 5/6 and 9/6. So much luxury for so little—seven complete shampoos in the regular bottle and fourteen in the large bottle. Also plastic bubble 1/3.

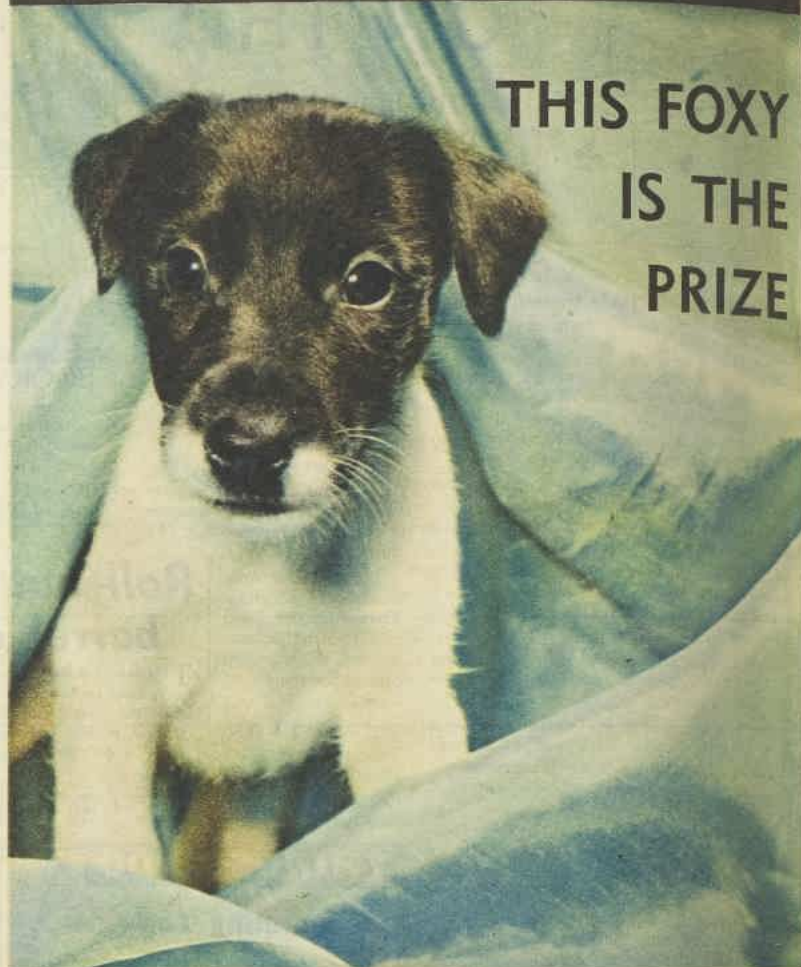


Another beauty product of Cheselough-Pond's International Ltd.

Available at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

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## SCHOOL HOLIDAY SECTION



**THIS FOXY  
IS THE  
PRIZE**

## Closing week for puppy talk

● Here's your last chance to win a pedigree puppy for the price of only ten words.

AS in the past three contests, all you have to do is write down what you think the puppy in the picture might be saying if he could talk.

If your entry is the best received, then the puppy is yours.

The contest is open to all children aged 12 and under, and entries for this week's puppy close on June 4.

Winners of all four Puppy Talk Contests will be announced in our June 18 issue.

This week's prize is a smooth fox-terrier, and he was bred by Mrs. Roselyn Warwick, of South Hurstville, N.S.W.

Now here are some more hints of puppy and dog care: Regular grooming does

more to improve a dog's appearance than any other attention.

There are brushes and combs for all types of dogs, and a few minutes' attention each day will make any dog look attractive.

It will give you a chance, too, to notice parasites like ticks, and skin blemishes, and they can be kept in check.

An occasional wash helps keep the skin and coat in good order. Warm water only should be used.

Suitable housing is a "must" for any dog. If he is kept outside, a draughtproof, waterproof, and spacious kennel should be provided.

The kennel should be raised off the ground, kept clean, and should have shade and protection against winter winds.

All these attentions really take up very little time and should ensure a healthy, happy life for your dog.

### Some fancy footwork

NEXT time you feel so satisfied with yourself that you have nothing to kick about, just try this stunt:

Draw an L-shaped line on the floor, put your right heel inside the angle, and take three steps forward with heels and toes in contact.

Then put an empty matchbox at the end of the foremost foot (it will be your left), and bring your right foot back to its original position in the angle.

Now try to kick over the matchbox with your left foot and, without touching the floor, bring it back to your right.

### PUPPY TALK — No. 4

NAME ..... AGE .....  
ADDRESS .....

I agree that the judges' decision will be final, and that no correspondence concerning this decision will be entered into.

Send your entries to: "Puppy Talk—No. 4," Box 5252 P.C., G.P.O., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 28, 1958



# WENDY WEEKLY'S PAGE

● A cute shortie nightdress and dressing-gown ensemble and a smart belted topcoat are the last items to be presented from Wendy Weekly's wardrobe. You should have quite a collection of Wendy's clothes now.

## SCHOOL HOLIDAY SECTION



The Australian Women's Weekly - May 28, 1958

you are looking at  
the beginning of  
the end of a cold!



In just **7 seconds** Vicks VapoRub starts  
clearing out her cold miseries...

Keeps on giving relief up to **10 full hours**

Atom isotope tests  
prove speed and spread  
of VapoRub relief



The Hydrogen-3 atom shows how  
it takes but 2 breaths for...



VapoRub relief to go deep  
into cold-affected areas and con-  
tinue full strength all night long.

● Almost any mother can tell you how Vicks VapoRub helps clear cold miseries overnight. But now, comes new proof of the almost unbelievable speed with which VapoRub begins relief—throughout the cold affected areas! Using atomic isotopes, scientists traced VapoRub's vapour action through the respiratory passages. They found VapoRub takes *only seven seconds to become fully effective*... and keeps on relieving the cold up to 10 hours!

So, Mother, when your child catches cold, just rub Vicks VapoRub on her chest, throat and back... and with the second breath, she'll feel comforting relief clear her stuffy nose, soothe her sore throat, and break up congestion deep in the bronchial passages. And what's more, VapoRub keeps on comforting her while she sleeps restfully through the night. You try Vicks VapoRub—and you'll almost see the beginning of the end of your child's cold happen right before your eyes.



# VICKS VAPORUB

World's Most Widely Used Cold Medication...

As a Rub... In Steam... In the Nose

VR-M1-42

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## Headaches go

You will find "Disprin" a much improved form of aspirin:

**DISPRIN DISSOLVES.** Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water. This soluble form of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly into the bloodstream to relieve pain.

**FAR LESS ACID.** Disprin, being soluble and far less acid than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., is far less likely to cause stomach upset.

**EASY TO TAKE.** Disprin is palatable. Disprin tablets can be dissolved on the tongue, or swallowed, when no glass of water is at hand.

These are the reasons why Disprin is now recommended for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, feverishness, toothache, flu and rheumatic pains.

**Period pains.** Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



**DISPRIN** Regd.  
dissolves pain  
quickly and safely



... only a healthy  
skin can be  
**really beautiful!**

To clear away skin blemishes and bring out your natural beauty, there is no better method than a twice daily lather with rich medicated Solyptol toilet Soap. Solyptol Soap is gentle, cleansing and refreshing — and mildly medicated. It keeps your skin healthy, and naturally beautiful.



"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE"

store, labelled "Deceased Officer's Effects," and sent back to my wife.

By some sleight-of-hand on the part of a priest, a partisan leader, and a helpful frontier guard on the Swiss border, my wife was given some reason to doubt the authorities and the label they had put on my belongings, so she unpacked the boxes, and that was how the carpet came to be lying in front of the fire at Stony Path, a pair of cottages in Donegal, which we had made into one with a bath and a plug that pulled as well.

In the middle of the carpet sat Emerald. She had come to us as a wild and scrawny kitten with an endless hunger and rickety legs. She had grown into a smooth, sleek cat, small but fearless, who ate from the dog's dishes when she pleased, and knew that she ruled in her own small world.

She liked the smell of the goats'-hair carpet, and the fire was warm and pleasing. She gave a long, rambling purr, and very gently the carpet rose a few inches from the floor, hovered, and settled back into its place once more.

Emerald stood up. She walked stiffly round the carpet twice, sniffing at its edges and patting it gently with her paws, then she yawned, smiled, and walked back to the middle of the carpet again and lay down with the age-old look of cat-like wisdom that stretches back to the Pharaohs and beyond into the many things that humans cannot know.

She had understood much that had been said in her presence, and could judge human feelings as well, so there she sat, planning what she would do, with all the cunning that a cat has and a General might well envy.

That night, as the house slept and the pattern of the moonlight fell upon the floor, moving gently as the branches of the silver-birch tree on the lawn stirred with the night breeze, she got out of her box by the hot-water tank, walked quietly to the middle of the magic carpet, and purred.

She put the carpet through its paces as thoroughly as a man trying a polo pony that he wants to buy, and she was well pleased with what she found, but the rooms were small, and if she knocked down a clock or a vase her mistress would wake, so she flew slowly, and thought that she must find a way to take the carpet outside, where she could prove its speed.

The next night, when all was still, she walked quietly round the house looking at all the windows and pushing the casements with her paws to see if they were latched. When she reached her mistress' bedroom she stopped and listened to the even breathing.

The window was open and her mistress was asleep. Emerald whisked down the stairs and on to the carpet, and then slowly out of the room and up the staircase, flying only a few inches from the floor, watching and listening with her senses strained.

She banked steeply out of the window, and circled the silver-birch tree, still listening, but the house slept on, with the small, lonely look which houses have when they are seen by moonlight from above.

Emerald turned her tail towards the Pole Star, dug her claws firmly into the carpet, and away. The carpet moved with the speed of thought, but the small cat found that she had no need to cling with her claws, so she settled comfortably into the sagging belly, as O'Shea had said those two years before.

She tried a couple of landings, once on a rick near Waterford and again on the flat roof of Abd el Salik's house at El Arish, then looking about she

## Continuing . . The Cat and the Carpet

from page 19

found Casiopeiae above the horizon, picked out Polaris, and headed for home. Soon she floated softly down through the bedroom window, down the stairs again, and after she had yawned, stretched, and washed very carefully, she went back to sleep in her box near the water tank.

The next day she talked for a long time with old Bellman, the wolfhound, who was very wise in the ways of men, and then, night after night, out through the bedroom window and away. She had started her search of the prisons of Europe.

Fresnes Gaol she went to, and Plotzensee, and the cells at Salle and Wetzelsdorf.

She flew to Buchenwald, Mauthausen, and Dachau, and at each one she landed in a tree or on a rooftop, slipped between the iron bars and barbed wire, as a cat can and many a man has wished to, and walked softly among the sleeping prisoners, and looking at each thin face until, in an old fortress in the north of Italy, she found the man she sought.

there were marks on his face that had not been there two days before, and he seemed exhausted.

With every instinct of urgency in her body, the small cat drove the carpet forward and down. As she passed the guard she slashed at his eyes with her needle claws.

She smelled blood, and felt happy for Bellman's sake. She could never have understood that the guard was a decent fellow who loathed his job, and felt a deep pity for those he had to watch until they, in turn, were taken across the bridge outside the fortress.

Emerald's swoop caught the man she had sought at the back of the knees, and he fell into the belly of the carpet, striking his head on cobbles of the yard.

As the carpet bore them away the man was very still, but the cat sitting on his chest could feel that the breathing was even, and knew that he was alive.



Emerald was worried, then, for she could smell the sour sweet smell of approaching death, and she waited until dawn to see what would happen, as she had to know. It was another that they took away, over the bridge, a last talk with the priest, a crash, and gone.

Emerald flew back to the box by the water tank feeling sick at the ways of men. She knew that she must carry out her plan very soon, and it had to be by day.

Two days later her chance came. Her mistress went out early, after feeding all the animals, and old Bellman said it would be dark before she was back, as he had seen her put a torch in her handbag, and she had taken two packets of cigarettes.

Bellman wanted to come, too. "I want to kill the man who is keeping him there," he said, "and you're too small to kill a man by yourself," but he could not come as he was too big, and Emerald left the old fellow dozing and grumbling on the bare boards in front of the fireplace.

Out through the upstairs window she flew, and away at a great height, too high to be seen by mortal eyes, until she landed on the roof of the cell block, where the carpet lay too flat to be seen from below, and no one thought anything of a small cat sunning herself on the tiles.

There were many prisoners at exercise in the yard, but he was not among them, so Emerald waited and watched through half-closed eyes. Before long the prisoners filed in through the arched door, and a few minutes later a smaller group of men came out, and there he was, with them but

As her instinct told her, Emerald flew first to the south and east, until she landed in the Souk of the blacksmiths in the city of Kairoan, where strange things may happen without remark.

The smith said nothing, but smiled just as the old carpet-seller had smiled, and, taking hammer and chisel, cut the handcuffs from the man's wrists. He stooped and put an ear to the chest of the unconscious man, and nodded to the cat, who stood poised, all four feet together, on the edge of the anvil. Next he washed the face and wrists, dressing them with sweet oil, then, standing up, he muttered the words of the Koran which mark the start of a journey.

Emerald jumped lightly on to the man's chest again, and wheeled the carpet away, high over the minaret of the Mosque of Swords, to the north-west. She knew that some things are too strange for humans to understand, save in the old places of the east where men believe what they see, so she landed her man on the coast, not far from a lonely farm to the south of Dun Fanahe. She left him sleeping in a sheltered place, with his head pillowed on a smooth stone.

When Emerald's mistress came back that evening the house was just as she had left it, but the sad look had gone from old Bellman's eyes, and he grinned at her.

Then the telephone rang.

A week later Trooper O'Shea buttonholed Father Gillespie in the sacristy of the hospital chapel.

"Have you seen him yet, Father, and how is he?" he asked.

"He's well enough in himself Michael," Father Gillespie replied, "but Captain Maudsley is worried about him as he can't explain how he got back. He persists in some extraordinary tale about a cat and a carpet, poor chap."

"So it's cats now, is it Father? It's usually horses that he'll talk about, but what's wrong with cats, anyway? Doesn't that pot-bellied trick cyclist like them, I wonder?"

"Well, it's not so much the cats, you know, Michael, but it's this mad story that he can't get away from. He must have had a bad time, and it must have affected his brain a little, but Captain Maudsley is sure that he can sort it all out in time."

O'Shea looked stubborn and sucked his teeth. "Father," he said, "if his brain wants any sorting out, you know that it's either yourself or a Master of Hounds that could do it, and not that greasy quack—he's not even a regular sawbones, and I don't like keeping my officer shut up in that observation ward of his. Hasn't he had enough of being locked up as it is? I tell you now, Father, will you ask Colonel McNamara if he'll see me, and, Father, if he's not too willing, can you remind him of those two ponies at Bireilly in '37?"

The next morning Trooper O'Shea marched as smartly as his limp would allow into Colonel McNamara's office, and saluted.

"Good morning, O'Shea," said the colonel, "will you tell me why you asked Father Gillespie if you could see me, instead of going through the proper channels — what have you been up to?"

"It's my officer, sir," said O'Shea. "There's nothing wrong with him that a spell of furlough won't cure, and that Mister Maudsley will be driving him off his head if he messes round much longer."

"Now, sir, surely you'll see that if a man is to leave a prison in Italy and turn up on the coast of Ireland with never a sign of a boat or anything, then there must have been a good many that helped him who wouldn't thank you to talk about them; so what's wrong with cats and carpets for a story, anyway, sir?"

The colonel stared at O'Shea for a long time, then he asked, "Did anyone tell you to bring that story to me, O'Shea?"

Michael O'Shea had not expected the question, but did not bat an eyelid. "I am not allowed to answer that, sir," he said.

Half an hour later Captain Maudsley was about to leave the colonel's office.

"... and on your way out," the colonel was saying, "tell the registrar to fix up his papers — six weeks' leave, and a rail warrant, of course."

So now the tale is told, or as much of it as may be, and the one small point which is not true is so small that it need not matter to anyone except the colonel and the faeries.

(Copyright)





have you a taste for luxury?



du Maurier Cigarettes, a Peter Jackson product.

say **du MAURIER**

*Filter  
tip*

What pure pleasure the world enjoys in du Maurier — the full richness and satisfaction of a superb blend of the finest of fine Virginia. Plus a subtle coolness and smoothness, thanks to du Maurier's ever-vigilant filter. Try du Maurier today — taste for yourself the enjoyment that has made them the world's favourite filter tip cigarette. Smoke to your throat's content.



In the  
flame red package  
3/2 for twenty.

**With the multi-strand filter—as modern as tomorrow**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 28, 1958

BW 3R  
Page 67



You'll love  
new Cutex

... the way it looks  
... the way it wears  
... the economical way it lasts



**LOOKS so luxurious!** CUTEX jewels your fingertips to perfection... stays bright and beautiful from one manicure to the next!

**WEARS so well!** CUTEX glides on and stays on at the touch of the nylon brush! It's made with Enamelon to resist chipping, peeling, cracking. Out-wears any nail polish at any price!

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And for matching lips, wear CUTEX Stay Fast Lipstick... it's extra creamy, extra rich in sheer Lanolin. Keeps lips truly radiant with color—all day, all evening, even after a kiss!

For lasting beauty...

**CUTEX**

## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 26.



### ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, red.  
★ Gambling colors, red, white.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in communication.

★ Be alert, take up new interests, become a more vital personality, and dull times will vanish. If you're bored with your life in life, make an effort to change it. Work harder, and that promotion is near. If you're a mother, refuse to be housebound, share the children's fun. If in love, charm him by showing real interest in his affairs.



### TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, green.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in business transaction.

★ A money deal will work out well this week. If you smother sentiment and use a little shrewdness. Be careful not to overspend. Try to balance your budget comfortably without penny-pinching. Be generous to the man in your life. Just occasionally he will appreciate being invited to the theatre on tickets that have been "given" you.



### GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, black.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in leadership.

★ You will be the life of a party this week if you wake up and let your real personality shine. You have too many jobs on at present; sort them out and keep to the main issue. If in love, don't play the guessing game too hard. By making him—or her—jealous you may get hurt deeply yourself. Be firm with people. They will respect you more.



### CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22—JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, white.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
★ Luck on a quiet corner.

★ That first meeting may not have impressed you much but it could be the dawn of a love affair. Generous acts are well aspected; visit an elderly relative, mind a child while the mother has a break, do some worthwhile charity work. But don't lend money; someone untrustworthy may be trying to use you.



### LEO

The Lion

JULY 23—AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Wed. and Sat.  
★ Luck in group activities.

★ You may have been persuaded reluctantly to take a new job. This could turn out much better than you expect. Unexpected social events will come your way but you may find yourself involved in conflicts of opinion. Someone you like regards you only as a pal. It is up to you to arouse romantic interest by using a bit of glamour.



### VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in publicity.

★ The spotlight will be on you in some way. If a girl, maybe as a debutante; if a man, perhaps you'll have an official job which brings you into the public eye. Maybe you have to make a speech. Be serene under criticism. Don't be afraid of not accomplishing a difficult task. Your conscientiousness will see you through where others fail.



### LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a short journey.

★ Librans can shine if their imagination is fired or their work is interesting. Develop yourself by taking classes in domestic arts, attending craft demonstrations, or being alive to new ideas. You will be invited on a day-long outing with a group of people, make some happy social contacts, and visit a place of particular interest.



### SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in carrying out plans.

★ There may be a cloud between you and the one you love best. It has been hanging up for some time. If you can't nudge it, it will disappear. In the meantime, develop your daily life by giving yourself a definite goal. Conduct a saving campaign with a special object in view, or improve your qualifications towards a better future in your job.



### SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck through the opposite sex.

★ You will find yourself making sacrifices for others this week. Don't carry this too far and injure yourself. An engagement is indicated, or an unofficial understanding, if you are feeling lonely, look around your workmates. You may discover new friendships. Give your family a surprise treat. It will make you all much happier.



### CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in turning work into play.

★ You take things too seriously. Relax and be more tolerant of others even if you feel impatient with their inefficiency. You may cause trouble with your beloved by being too demanding and bossy or jealous of time not spent with you. Use your surplus energies to tackle difficult and boring jobs which you are inclined to postpone.



### AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in taking a chance.

★ An honor or distinction to a member of your family is in store. Aspects this week indicate a series of exciting incidents which keep you in a whirl. Romance is favored, and middle-aged lovers enjoy a special warmth in their relationship. During a busy week you may run into an old flame. On a calculated risk many of you stand to win. Chance favors you.



### PISCES

The Fish

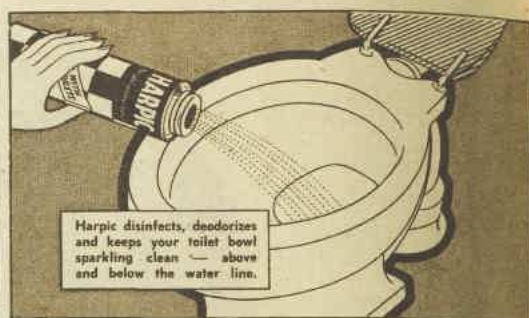
FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, violet.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck on your doorstep.

★ You could find relief from a burden or a happy solution to a problem in the home. Improvements to your house and garden are indicated. If you look around the neighborhood for useful work, or take in part-time work to augment your income. Romance will be more practical than sentimental. Encourage your beloved by helping to save.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

**Now**  
Keep your toilet  
fresh and bright  
— THIS EASY PLEASANT WAY!



Harpic disinfects, deodorizes and keeps your toilet bowl sparkling clean — above and below the water line.



A brush alone cannot do the complete job — it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into this hidden "S" bend.



**Harpic leaves bowl hygienically clean**

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria... leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

**HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER**

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

## HAMBURGERS

Call for  
French's  
PREPARED  
MUSTARD

No Mix! No Waste!  
Ready to serve!



**BRASSO**

strikes a bright note

Keep all your brass and copper shining bright and just like new with Brasso.

**MATSON Lines**  
4 special voyages by  
**MARIPOSA and MONTEREY**  
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£418/10 (Aust. currency)

Round trip fare based on  
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Excellent choice of accommodations available

... Completely air-conditioned.  
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Service, Entertainment... All in the  
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Special Sailing Dates from Sydney

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More than 40 days of  
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Visiting New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa,  
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Angeles, Tahiti (44 hours stop-  
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See your Travel Agent—Start Planning to-day

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THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY Limited Liability, Inc. U.S.A.



F4353. — Evening gown in new short length, with automatic back interest and matching cover-up bolero. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

# Fashion PATTERNS

\* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4050, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4353



F4857. — Overblouse-suit and matching loose jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material, plus 1/2 yd. 54in. material for contrast. Price 3/-.

F9934. — Long-waisted winter dress with a full skirt flaring from the hipline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4857



F9934



F4858

F4858. — Short or three-quarter-sleeved dress in the relaxed line cut to flatter the figure. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Sketch A requires 3yds. 54in. material; sketch B 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



## BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4856. — Beginners' pattern for a pretty three-quarter-sleeved blouse with an unusual open or cowl neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 54in. material or 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4856



F2964

F2964. — Dainty frock for little girl. Sizes 4, 6, 8, or 10 years. Requires 1 1/2 to 2yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 712 — GIRL'S CORDUROY OVERCOAT Princess-style overcoat, cut out ready to make in flame-red, American beauty, redwood-brown, deep apple-green, or Norfolk-blue corduroy velveteen. Sizes: 8 years 49/3, 9 to 10 years 53/6, 11 to 12 years 56/8, 13 to 14 years 59/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 713 — SMALL BOY'S OVERALLS AND JACKET Bib-front overalls and matching jacket, cut out ready to make in brushed-back cotton tartan. The tartans available are Royal Stewart, Victoria, Dress Stewart, Buchanan, and McBeth. Sizes: 1 year, overalls 15/3, jacket 16/3; 2 years, overalls 16/6, jacket 17/6; 3 years, overalls 17/3, jacket 18/3; 4 years, overalls 18/6, jacket 19/3; 5 to 6 years, overalls 19/9, jacket 21/-; 7 to 8 years, overalls 21/-, jacket 23/3; 9 to 10 years, overalls 23/6, jacket 25/-.

No. 714 — LINDEN DOLLEYS These three d'oyles are traced ready to embroider on white or cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Each d'oyley measures 6in. by 11in. Price 1/3 each, plus 4d. postage, or 3/6 for the set of three and 8d. postage.

No. 715 — DRESS AND MATCHING JACKET Corduroy velveteen dress and matching loose jacket is available cut out ready to make. The colors are flame-red, American beauty, redwood-brown, deep green, and Norfolk-blue. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 56/3, 36 and 38in. bust 60/9. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

712



713



714



715

\* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

# LOXENE

## MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,  
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull or, realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

**WHAT SCIENCE SAYS:** Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen! The answer? Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff. Only healthy hair can be attractive hair. Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.



8 Shampoos in every bottle

# LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO AND SCALP TREATMENT

L.16

I always buy  
**NUGGET**  
because of its  
brighter shine



MOST PEOPLE now buy "NUGGET"—they prefer it for the faster longer-lasting and much brighter shoe shine it gives—resulting from special blending of its waxes to an exclusive new formula . . . . Try it, you'll like it, too!

THE WORLD'S  
LARGEST SELLING  
SHOE POLISH



Twist to open

Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, The plans are also on sale in Geelong.



KEITH WALSH Star of the  
NESTLÉ'S "BUNKHOUSE SHOW" says . . .

# "Reach Partners!... for Nestlé's Bunkhouse Bars...!"



And Keith Walsh is right, these are just the right bars for nightly nibbling. The Bunkhouse Bar consists of crisp, delicious chocolate-coated wafers. Caramilk is milk chocolate caramel with nuts. Then there are Peanut Crunch, Coconut Whip, Mallow Caramel, Pineapple Macaroon and Coconut Caramel. Only 6d. a bar . . . four for 2/-.

**NESTLÉ'S**  
the more chocolatey  
chocolate



## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD







Rollei

# FACIAL HAIRS

**Home Treatment**  
Permanently banish unsightly hair with "VANIX". A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable and gradually withers and roots are killed. "VANIX" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

**"VANIX"**  
Only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Paterson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swifts Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail order (9/- including postage) from above, or direct from The "VANIX" Co. (Dept. W), Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

# BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to useless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

**CHUCKERS WEEKLY**  
EVERY THURSDAY 5d.

**TEENA** *by Linda Terry*

WHAT A WEEK I HAD! HARRY TOOK ME TO THE MOVIES MONDAY NIGHT, EDDIE TOOK ME SKATING TUESDAY, AND VERNON TOOK ME FOR A PICNIC WEDNESDAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY HAIR... HARRY THINKS I OUGHTA CUT IT...

EDDIE LIKES IT THE WAY IT IS...

VERNON THINKS I SHOULD LET IT GROW...

OH, GOLLY, I HAD SO MUCH FUN WITH VERNON LAST NIGHT... WE WERE MAKING UP CRAZY SONGS UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING!

WHO SHOULD I TAKE TO THE DANCE AT THE CLUB? I'D LIKE TO TAKE VERNON, HE'S SUCH A KICK... BUT EDDIE'S REALLY THE BEST DANCER... BUT THEN AGAIN, HARRY'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GET THE CAR...

IF THE DOOR RINGS, I'LL ANSWER IT... IT'LL PROBABLY BE HARRY OR EDDIE TO WALK ME HOME...

GOLLY, JULIA, I WISH I WERE YOU!

ME TOO... IT MUST BE WONDERFUL

HAVING THREE BROTHERS...

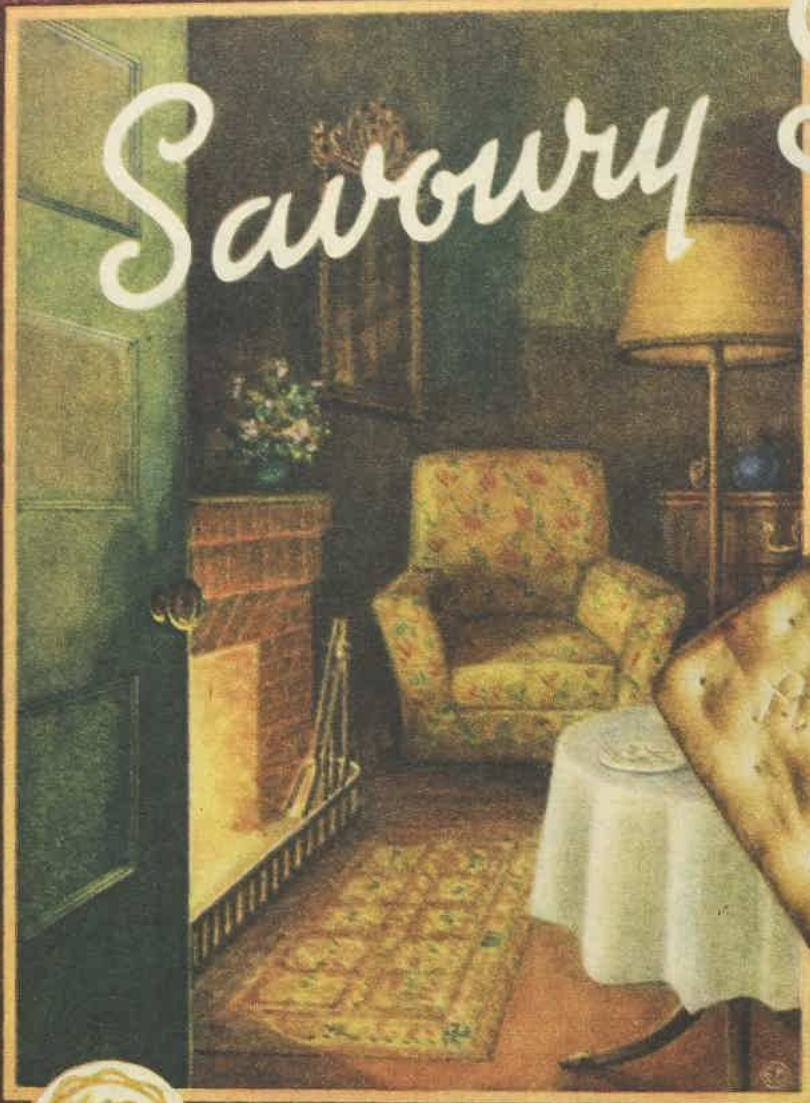
# THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Represented by a well-known Jack (6, 7).
  - Professional food adviser gives order to the painter Vecelli to perish (9).
  - A small barrel in dark Egypt (3).
  - Travel on foot above for an easy victory (4-4).
  - Averse to work amid leprechauns (4).
  - When the red dodge turns it forms the principal beam (6).
  - Opera for motor mechanics (6).
  - Charitable relief (4).
  - I ate crab (Anagr. 8).
  - The English one is 45 inches (3).
  - This may be a cheque written out on a Sunday (4-5).
  - They often involve secret outlets (8, 5).





# Savoury Suppers



Only  
**Arnott's**  
*make*  
**Sao (Regd)**  
**Biscuits**



At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS."  
Grate a little cheese over them and then sprinkle with pepper.  
One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.

*There is no Substitute for Quality.*